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Tatler

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& Bystander 2s. weekly 19 April 1961



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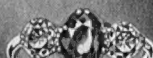
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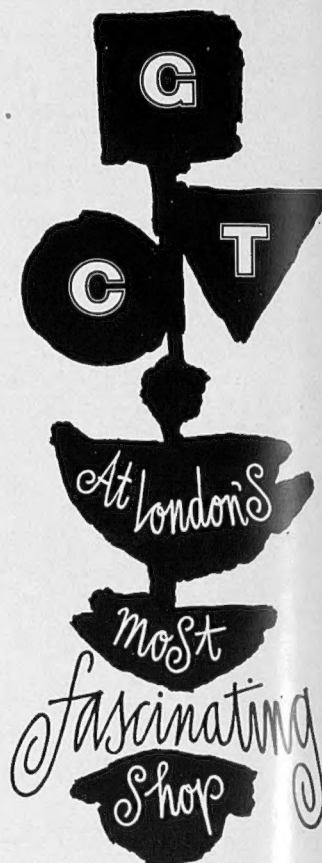
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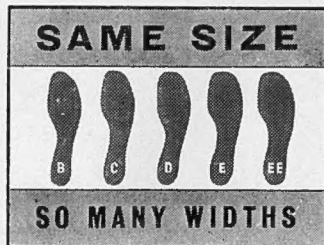
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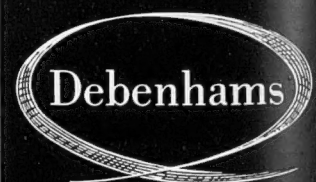


Talking
of fashion
brings
you to

Nina Ricci at

We chose this in Paris for its new trumpet line, and nowhere in Paris did this line come out with more impact than at Ricci. Short evening dress copied exactly by Debenhams in a multi-colour printed organza.

Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams at the Paris Opera House.



THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3112

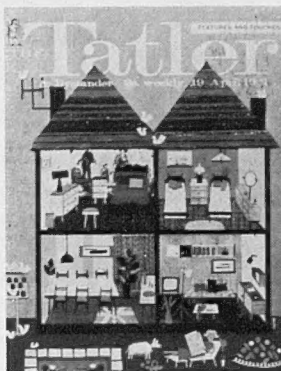
19 APRIL 1961

	Page
GOING PLACES:	144
<i>Going places late</i> Douglas Sutherland	146
<i>Going places to eat</i> John Baker White	146
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	148
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES:	
<i>Wedding of the Hon. Annabel Hawke</i>	154
<i>Red Cross Ball at Haileybury</i>	162
<i>Flower Exhibition at Chelsea</i>	157
<i>North Warwickshire Hunter Trials</i>	165
FEATURES:	
<i>Memoir of a photographing man</i> by Hugo Charteris	151
<i>Get him moving!</i> photographed by John Cowan	158
<i>Waiting for Flight</i> 123 by Claud Cockburn	
Illustrated by Peter Kneebone	163
<i>Policies for bringing summer indoors</i> by Ilse Gray, with drawings by Mel Calman	166
FASHION preFABRICations	168
COUNTER SPY	
<i>Fresh touches in textiles</i>	176
LORRAINE KILBRACKEN	178
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	179
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	180
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	181
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	181
<i>on galleries</i> by Robert Wraight	182
GOOD LOOKS <i>Blooms to pick now</i>	185
DINING IN <i>Dishes for Spring</i>	186
MAN'S WORLD	
<i>Weight-shedding weaves</i>	188
MOTORING <i>Refinements of Heraldry</i>	190
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	192

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WITH PASTE AND PATIENCE



This week's cover comes first because the design is so unusual that it demands explanations. It is a collage by artist FELICITY LEWIS, who used actual pieces of fabric (and monumental patience) to construct this charming doll's house pattern. There are so many fabrics in it that there is no space on this page to specify them, but all the details for potential purchasers will be found on page 176, where Counter Spy has further examples of new fabric designs for 1961. Felicity Lewis has also applied her art to the fashion pages, which this week are devoted to new dress fabrics. They begin on page 168.

After that it was inevitable that this should turn out to be something of a springclean number, and Ilse Gray proposes on page 166 some *Policies for bringing summer indoors*. The theme has even infected photographer John Cowan, who contributes some pictures demonstrating the possibility of new shapes for sluggish husbands (or perhaps older boy friends). See page 158.

Readers of Verdicts. The Tatler's weekly section of reviews, will find a new touch there this week. Artist Guccione, who has already contributed lively commentary in recent issues, begins a series of pocket cartoons with the arts as his theme. He will contribute a cartoon in these pages every week.

Hugo Charteris, who writes amusingly about his experiences as a sparetime photographer (page 151), is a dedicated novelist who takes some persuading to turn his talents to magazine articles. As he lives in Perthshire the persuading has special difficulties—but it is always worth it. He has a new novel, *The Lifeline*, coming out this summer.

P.S.: The book discussed by Hector Bolitho last week, *Lady Lytton's Court Diary*, is published by Rupert Hart-Davis (price 30s.).

Next week: Tomorrow's treasures. . . . Today's mystifiers. . . .

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Point-to-points: (today) Dartmoor at Stippadon, Torrington Farmers at Cranford; (tomorrow) Grafton at Pattishall, Llandilo Farmers at Cilmaenllwyd; (22 April) Atherstone at Clifton-upon-Dunsmore, Braes of Derwent at Whittonstall, Bramham Moor at Swindon Wood, Brocklesby at Brocklesby, Cattistock at East Coker, Cheshire at Alraham, Essex and Suffolk at Higham, Fife at Balcormo, Harkaway Club at Chaddesley Corbett, Mid-Devon at Moretonhamstead, N. Norfolk Harriers at Bawdeswell, Pentrych at Pentrych, Surrey Union at Tismans, Teme Valley at Brampton Bryan, West Kent at Ightham.

Badminton Three-Day Horse Trials, 20 to 22 April, at Badminton, Gloucestershire.

Spring Fashion Show, 21 April, at Petworth House, Sussex, in aid of Midhurst-Petworth Red Cross. Tickets: £1 5s. (1 gn. for Red Cross members) from The Secretary, Petworth House.

Hard Court Tennis Championships of G.B., 24-29 April, at Bourne-mouth.

Berkeley Débutante Dress Show, 24 & 25 April, at the Berkeley Hotel, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Tickets: 2 gns. from Miss E. Ellis, Victory House, Leicester Sq., W.C.2. **Trinity Foot Beagles Ball,** 25 April, at 6 Hamilton Place.

Geranium Dance for Young People (13 to 18-year-olds), 26 April, at the Café Royal, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Tickets: 2 gns. from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1.

Christian Dior—London Collection, 26 April (5 p.m.), at Sutton Place, Guildford, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. Tickets: 3 gns. (with champagne buffet) from the

secretary, R.C.N., Henrietta Place, W.1.

Golden Jubilee Rose Ball, 26 April, at Grosvenor House, in aid of Alexandra Rose Day. Tickets: £3, from Mrs. Edward Day, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10.

6th Royal Air Force Concert, 26 April, at the Royal Festival Hall, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Ascot Jumping Show, 26 to 29 April, at Ascot.

Annual Ball at the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney, 28 April. Tickets: 35s. from Mrs. K. J. Shilson, Keeran, Raleigh Drive, Claygate, Surrey.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Epsom, Pontefract, today & tomorrow; Sandown Park, 21, 22; Ripon, Birmingham, 22; Birmingham, 24; Newmarket, 25-27; Catterick Bridge, 26 April.

Steeplechasing: Ludlow, today & tomorrow; Wincanton, 20; Sandown Park, Taunton, Towcester, 22; Folkestone, 24; Fontwell Park, 26; Scone, 26, 27 April.

MOTOR RACING & SKIING

"200" International meeting, Aintree, 22 April.

Coronation Cup, giant slalom race, Cairngorms, Inverness-shire, 23 April.

CRICKET

Worcestershire v. Australians, Worcester, 29 April, 1, 2 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Der Rosenkavalier*, 7 p.m., 21 April; *Rigoletto*, 7.30 p.m., 22, 26 April; *Peter Grimes*, 7.30 p.m., 24 April. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Patineurs*, *The Firebird*, *The Lady &*

The Fool, tonight & tomorrow; *Ondine*, 25 April. All 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Merrie England*, tonight & 20, 21 April; *Andrea Chenier*, 22 April. New Opera Company season. *Volpone*, 24, 26 April; *The Prisoner*, *L'Heure Espagnole*, 25 April. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Latin-American folk music by Dorita Y Pepe, 7.45 p.m., 20 April; Gerard Souzay (baritone) recital, 3 p.m., 23 April; Mahler programme, Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Klemperer, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (soprano), 8 p.m., 24 April; Recent music by Geoffrey Bush, 7.45 p.m., 26 April. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. Mattiwilda Dobbs (soprano), & Geoffrey Parsons (piano), 7 p.m., 30 April. (MAY 5091.)

EXHIBITIONS

Engineering Exhibition, Olympia, 20 April-4 May.

Designs For A Decade, 1951-1961, Design Centre, Haymarket, 24 April-13 May.

"Food & Wine," exhibition of rare & current books on the subject, National Book League, Albemarle St., W.1, to 12 May.

"Morris & Co., 1861-1940." Centenary Exhibition of William Morris's firm, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 April.

Midland Antiques Fair, Chesford Grange, Kenilworth, 25-29 April.

GARDENS

Open 23 April, 2-7 p.m., except where stated. Bucks. **Boswells**, Wendover. Essex. **Stansted Hall**, nr. Bishop's Stortford; **Theydon Priory**, Theydon Bois, nr. Epping. Kent. **Brattles Grange**, Brenchley, nr. Tonbridge; **Brenchley Manor**, Frensham, nr. Cranbrook; **The Grange**, Benenden. Surrey. **Barford Mill**, Churt; **Court Barn**, Churt; **Hascombe Court**, nr. Godalming; **Ramster**, nr. Chiddingfold. Sussex. **Bolney Lodge**, Bolney, nr. Cuckfield (2-6 p.m.); **Ockham House**, Hurst Green, nr. Robertsbridge (2-6 p.m.); **Wakehurst Place**, Ardingly, nr.

Horsted Keynes (1.30-7 p.m.); **Chidmere House**, Chidham, nr. Chichester; **South Lodge**, Lower Beeding, nr. Horsham.

FESTIVALS

Pitlochry Drama Festival, Perthshire, 22 April-30 September.

Southwark Shakespeare Festival, to 6 May.

Arts Festival Week, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to 22 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *Altona*, tonight.

Aldwych Theatre, Royal Shakespeare Company. *Becket*, 25 April.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 179.

Settled Out Of Court. "... pleasingly fantastic idea ... flatness of the middle act is disappointing ... the most amusing part is the setting of the informal trial. ..." Nigel Patrick, Charles Heslop, Maxine Audley, Erich Pohlmann. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

Ross. "... in this fine play Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly ... magnificent teamwork." Brewster Mason, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam, Geoffrey Keen. (WHI 9832.)

CINEMA

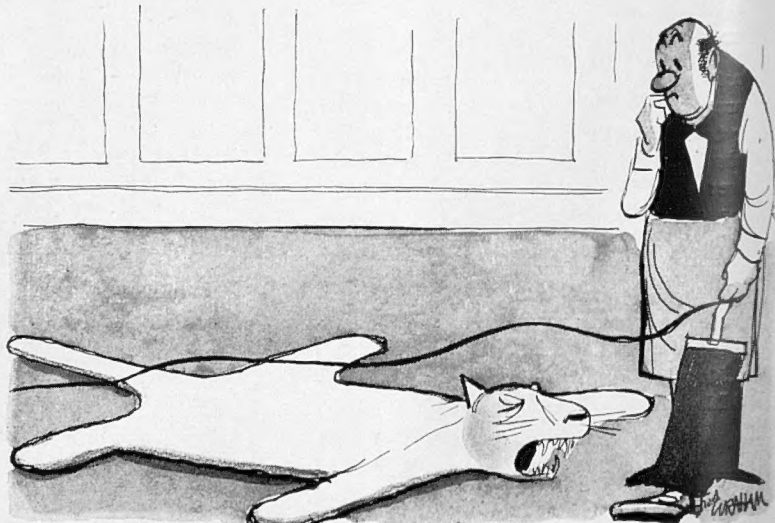
From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 180.

G.R. = General release.

Mr. Topaze. "... slow in pace, and since the acting varies markedly from scene to scene it never quite 'jells.' Mr. Sellers as the poor, honest schoolmaster who becomes a rich, dishonest tycoon is as well worth seeing as ever he was." Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray, Herbert Lom. G.R.

La Dolce Vita. "... Do not let me lead you to believe that this is otherwise than a major, often magical, work. It is just that I don't find life and people as hopeless as Signor Fellini makes them appear. The acting is quite superb." Anita Ekberg, Marcello Mastroianni. (Curzon, GRO 3737.)

BRIGGS by Graham



What a car is this Facellia from France! A taut little beauty with typical Gallic verve! The Facellia will make news wherever it is motored. This car is the latest example of outstanding engineering from Facel Vega, makers of high-precision jet engine components and the fabulous HK500, the world's fastest touring car. For instance, the Facellia has recently taken 1st and 3rd places in its Gran Turismo class in this year's Monte Carlo rally; won outright the R.A.C. Open Challenge Trophy for safety and comfort.

This is only the beginning of achievement for a car that is the outcome of intense French study of every major metallurgical and mechanical development of the past fifteen years.

Consider the specification of Facellia: 4 cylinder engine, 115 h.p., 11.4 sec. 0-60, 115 m.p.h., at 6,400 r.p.m. Twin choke carburettor.

Facel Vega is here . . . NOW COMES FACELLIA

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sports cars ever offered to the British public.

The Company that imports the Facellia and the bigger Facel Vega into Britain is InterContinental Cars Limited of Egham, Surrey. Telephone the Managing Director, George Abecassis, at Egham 4181 and talk Facellia. Talk specification . . . talk performance . . . he will tell you all you want to know. His demonstration and after-sales service set a standard unique in the business . . . you will have the personal attention of Abecassis himself or one of his highly trained team of ex-racing men. Abecassis will tell you frankly that pound-for-pound on performance and pleasure the Facellia is modestly priced at £2,508 tax paid.



Regular deliveries of the new Facellia are now arriving from France. They are collected from Lydd Airport by InterContinental Cars Limited, sole concessionaires in Britain for Facel Vega.

GOING PLACES LATE

Quota for togetherness

Douglas Sutherland

DOES NIGHT LIFE DEMAND CLUB membership, I am asked? Of course not. You can eat and drink just as well and stay out just as late without a club card in your pocket. My own main criticism of late-night entertainment in general and non-club night spots in particular is the difficulty of finding the intimate friendly atmosphere that is surely the most important ingredient in a night out for two. The dinner dance entertainment offered by most of the big hotels is perfectly adequate if you are dining out in a party but a little bit bleak for a *souper intime*.

Notable exception in the non-club bracket is the **Allegro**. This is the late-night restaurant of Quaglino's who recently celebrated their 50th anniversary. Upstairs closes down at 1.30 a.m. but downstairs the cabaret starts at half-past midnight and there is a late night supper licence until 2.15 a.m. Starting this week for two weeks only is that doyen of intimate cabaret Cyril Fletcher. With two bands, Felix King's and the Donald Purchase Quartette, the Allegro provides as good value and as attractive an atmosphere as there is to be found in London.

At the other end of the scale is that remarkable venture the **Talk of the Town**. With its vast, tiered auditorium and elaborately contrived stage effects it should be the antithesis of one's idea of an intimate evening out; and yet it contrives

to provide just that, as well as catering more than adequately for large parties.

Because of its seating capacity the Talk of the Town can afford to buy the best international cabaret talent as well as mount a first-class floor show. Striking example of theatrical enterprise there is current attraction Lena Horne. The best tribute I can pay to her artistry is that when she appears alone in the middle of the vast stage and starts to sing the songs which have made her famous she manages to reduce the audience of seven hundred odd diners to the proportions of a rather glamorous small private dinner party. The place is rapidly building a unique atmosphere of its own and there are few nights when they cannot boast more celebrities in the audience than most of Mayfair's smart spots put together.

Another late night restaurant with a growing reputation is the **Celebrity** just off Bond Street. Here Paul Raymond puts on an excellent and varied cabaret on much the same scale as his club neighbours Churchill's and Winston's. Though the Celebrity is not a club you will have to pay a guinea cover charge at the door. The reason is that there is no minimum charge in the restaurant. Guests can watch the hour-long show and dance until 2.30 a.m. over a cup of coffee or a glass of beer and on this basis the cover charge seems reasonable.

What about places to meet which are not clubs? I have already recommended the **Ritz** in previous articles, Laurie's bar downstairs or the Rivoli bar at street level are equally good. Try also **Hatchett's** Long Bar over the road, or **Jules Bar** and the **Fifty-five** (which does not become a club until 11 p.m.) both in Jermyn Street. More convenient for Kensington and Knightsbridge dwellers is Fred's Bar at the **Royal Court** in Sloane Square or the bar in the Rib Room at the new **Carlton Tower Hotel** in Sloane Street. I have heard the roast beef in the Rib Room (cut thick a *L'Americaine*) described as the best in London and the meal most likely to provide a sound foundation for a long evening ahead.

Finally, both for meeting and late nighting, there is the atmospheric Polynesian room at the **May Fair**. Here you can dine and dance to the Paradise Islanders four-piece band—surely the only all-Tongan band in London—and drink exotic creations at the Beachcomber bar, presided over by Sid Cockle who is nothing if not versatile. He will mix you a gin and tonic or a Zombie with equal nonchalance—and if you do not know what a Zombie is just try it and see.

By the way, my friend Rico Dajou at the Casanova Club tells me I owe him a correction. A few weeks back I described the "Prince" as being of Polish origin. He writes to say that he is "British of South American origin."

Cabaret calendar

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Cyril Fletcher*
Talk of the Town (REG 5051)
Lena Horne

CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX



KNOW YOUR BARMAN
Grosvenor House: *Londoner Bernard Paul has been head barman here for 16 years. Before that he was at the Ritz, going there after 10 years at Sheppard's in Cairo. His own cocktail—which he calls the Jamerian—blends one third each of gin, Tia Maria and fresh lemon juice.*

Colony (MAY 1657) *Hutch*
Embassy (HYD 5275) *Martineau, Mexican dancer, and supporting bill*
Pigalle (REG 6423) *Tony Bennett*
Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Tessie O'Shea*
Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Miko Mingo, Indian dancer*
Savoy (TEM 4343) *Margo Henderson, impressionist at the piano*
Winston's Club (REG 5411) *Winston's Merry-go-round with Danny La Rue*
Astor (GRO 3181) *Sonny Teale & Co.*

GOING PLACES TO EAT

The connection is quality

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Berkeley Hotel grillroom, Berkeley Street, W.1. (HYD 8282.) Its décor may not conform to the 60's pattern, nor does its menu contain exotic dishes, but it has the solid, dignified comfort and good straightforward cooking that many people still like. It's spacious, has impeccable service and manager Luigi Pellosi sets a high standard all round. Not cheap; 35s. to 40s. without wine is about what to expect. *W.B.*

Chez Luba, 116 Draycott Avenue. (KEN 6523.) C.S. The name of this restaurant, and its owner Niki, is as well known in Paris, New York or Rome as it is in London. It specializes in highest-quality Russian food, and the wines and music that

go with it, plus faultless service, an intimate atmosphere, and the cheerful good humour that Niki himself radiates. Quite expensive, but if you enjoy life it is value for money. *W.B.*

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, Strand. (TEM 7061.) C.S. André Bouvet, the chef here, is serving some special dishes in the period 17 April-6 May. They are: 17-22 April, *Mitonnée de Volaille, Crêpinettes de Crevettes, Roses Christine*; 24-29 April, *Anguille de Bon Moine, Culotte de Boeuf à la Royale*; 1-6 May, *Petits Bateaux d'Oeufs Simonette, Rosettes de Veau Pradaire*.

Le Provençal, 259 Fulham Road (below Queen's Elm crossroads). (FLA 9434.) C.S. The number of good, exclusively French restaurants in London is remarkably small.

This is one of them. Newly opened, *Monsieur le patron* Paul has set himself a high standard. Simply but pleasantly got up, his restaurant has among its specialities *coq au vin*, *pâté de canard*, and an admirable *Brochettes des Fruits de Mer Nicoise*. Allow just over 20s. per head without wine and you will not be far out. *W.B.*

Mid-West winner

Goddard Arms Hotel, Swindon. This busy town is a better stopping place than many realize, and the map shows why. The Goddard Arms is one of the hotels to which the A.A. gives a rosette, indicating above-the-average food. It deserves it, and the recently redecorated dining-room adds to its enjoyment. One can stay comfortably also at the **Great Western Hotel**, near the station. The breakfast is excellent.

Cordoba to Seville

This fast, 90-mile road is the third stage of my tour in Spain. Cordoba must be given plenty of time, especially the cathedral, built inside a mosque. The **Simon**, Av. del Gran

Capitan, is a delightful hotel and well run. Double room with bath costs just over £1 for two, dinner about 8s. per head. At Seville the **Cristina** is excellent, in the luxury class, with air conditioning and all. It has its own night club restaurant with first-class Andalusian dancers. A double room costs 36s. per day with bath; luncheon or dinner 10s. In the town **Los Corales** in the Sierpes is a good restaurant, about 17s. 6d. per head with wine. At Seville the gardens of the Alcazar are lovely, the cathedral is the largest Gothic church in the world.

Wine note

Eleven vintage Château Margaux wines were served at a dinner given recently at Peterborough, when Paten & Co. entertained Mon. Pierre Ginestet, owner of the Château. The wines ranged from 1928 to 1957, and general opinion was that the 1928 wine was outstandingly good, and better than the fading 1929. There was high praise for 1949 and opinion put it above 1947. A white burgundy, *Criots Batard Montrachet*, was the aperitif.



Cause and Effect

Tiping goes by favour, or as Jules the headwaiter likes to say — by favour. He likes to serve the very best which means among other good things 'Blue Danube' Coffee. Can it be that the delicious secret blending learned by the Viennese over 300 years ago from the invading Turks can influence good tips to-day?

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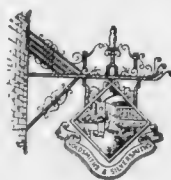
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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Around the world in newer ways

Doone Beal

THE AMERICAN CONCEPTION OF service is rather different from our own. In terms of hall porter, and, sometimes, head-waiter service, one might find it lacking, but on the higher levels, well padded by public relations, it can be extremely impressive. As, for example, the service offered by American travel agents to their clients. One agent with whom I talked on a recent visit had (and this, I believe, is common)—an elaborate card-index system for each of his clients, listing the prejudices, pleasures and complaints of trips going back as much as five years: "We are not only in business to sell tickets," he said. The American tourist, whether visiting Europe for the first or the umpteenth time, is encouraged to air his views to his agent or whoever else may be responsible, rather than dine out on the appalling story of that miscarriage of trains at Naples, or the hotel in Seville with damp sheets. I was equally impressed to receive, recently, a courteous letter

of apology from Pan American for a two-hour delay in which I had been involved—as effective and simple a piece of public relations as I have come across in a long time. The British travelling public does not get this type of service, but then they don't demand it.

Another field in which the American agents are adept is that of the "round trip," which is not to be confused with the package tour. There is no special magic about round trips, except for the effort on the part of the agent in working them out. All scheduled airlines are bound by I.A.T.A. rulings as to the fares they may charge between any given points in the world, but there is an infinity of routings of which one may take advantage at no extra cost.

The price of flying round the world, economy class, by jet, is £458, and I can think of many less satisfying means of spending a round sum, with a year to do it in. On Pan American's routing, you go

via Munich, Istanbul, Beirut, Teheran, Karachi, New Delhi, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokio, Honolulu and San Francisco. B.O.A.C. and Qantas also do a round-the-world trip for the same price, but with different routings.

Taking a smaller slice of the Western hemisphere, B.O.A.C. can fly you to Trinidad direct, or via New York; and also to New York via either Nassau or Bermuda. In principle, the farther afield you go, the wider is the angle of choice, but even as near as Istanbul there is a variety of routings. It might be Rome and Athens on the way there, Budapest or Vienna on the way back. Pan American do a particularly speedy flight to Vienna, but K.L.M. are one of the few who take in Budapest *en route* though B.E.A. will inaugurate a Budapest flight this month. A surprising combination of stops, also by K.L.M., is Nice on the way to Madrid—which could make for an interesting holiday.

Alitalia run a useful round trip via both Catania and Palermo, taking in Naples, too, and passengers using Swissair services to centres in Austria, Germany and around the Middle East can break their journey in Switzerland at no extra cost. Finally there are two especially worthy bargains which,

like those listed above, are in no way package tours. The first is a flight by Middle East Airlines for £114 return, by Comet, to Cairo, taking in Beirut and Damascus as well as Rome and Athens if you wish. The only condition is a 23-day excursion, and the fact that eight days *must* be spent in Beirut. The trip represents a saving of £20 on the normal flight to Cairo. The second bargain is that offered by B.E.A. in association with S.A.S., a 23-day excursion for £37 6s., which includes Oslo, Copenhagen and Stockholm for the same fare as the direct flight to Stockholm itself, but all the flights must be made at night.

It is a matter of taste and temperament, but in planning any one of these tours, I'd be inclined to save the most luxurious places to the last because I enjoy the shock of change, of plunging straight into the most strange and unaccustomed, and working slowly back. Then a practical consideration; you can only judge what you have left to squander in the shops or in the most super of restaurants towards the end of a holiday. And it is similarly to the point to save the place with the best shops till the last. So I would go to Oslo before either Copenhagen or Stockholm; Cairo before Beirut; Istanbul before Athens, and Athens before Rome.

I have listed for the sake of simplicity the single routes operated by various airlines. They can, of course, be mixed on interchangeable tickets, as can first and tourist class, leg for leg. And apart from the transatlantic routes, there is no surcharge on jet flights, so that one might as well pick the airlines and routes served by the newest aircraft.

There is room only for a footnote on railways, but various round trips are possible within Europe with C.I.A.T., French Railways and others, as they are in this country with British Railways' new Gold and Silver tickets. Inquire through your travel agent, or direct to the railway offices concerned.

Finally, if money is no object but time and smooth running are, I have news of a travel agency—Davell, of Albermarle St., W.1—who are making it their business to look after the carriage trade. While many other agents work out admirable tours on a mass or economy basis, these people, while charging you no more for booking your ticket, have taped some of the best hotels in Europe and America for the benefit of independent travellers, and will take their clients by the hand with any help, advice, or supplementary transport that may be necessary *en route* or on arrival. Which is where we came in. I only wish that more agents, who are not necessarily restricting themselves to the first-class bracket, would follow suit with personal service of this kind.

Nassau: port of call on B.O.A.C.'s flight to New York

GERALD MURISON



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Miss Veronica Lyle, deb daughter of Lt.-Col. Michael & the Hon. Mrs. Lyle of Dunkeld, Perthshire

*This isn't exactly a true story but—
as the cinema credits might say—it's
based on the true experiences of
HUGO CHARTERIS. Almost
everything in it has happened to him,
especially on his first non-amateur
outing with his camera. On later outings
he took the pictures that accompany this*

Strictly speaking, the day I became a part-time professional photographer was the day I got a call from Mrs. Lewison Upthwaite, whose real name is well known in the county where I live. She wanted me to do Grizzle.

Till Grizzle I had only taken photographs for love, *i.e.* when visually seduced by a face or a scene, so now I was filled with apprehension. Grizzle might show that I could take only a tolerable picture when met, so to speak, more than half-way by the subject. Mrs. Upthwaite's face was known to me in the pages of the *Ayrshire Breeder* where she often appeared beside an immaculate cow or a rosetted bull. On those occasions, as though to set off the beast or allay the taxman's suspicions, she appeared in curlers and a battered trilby like a senior Red Indian. But this told me nothing about the daughter. Would Grizzle or would—

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

MEMOIR OF A PHOTOGRAPHING MAN

MEMOIR OF A
PHOTOGRAPHING
MAN *continued*

Grizzle not meet me half-way?

In those days I had just acquired some writing paper headed "*Portraits in your home.*" The idea was (and still is) to make people feel they need not displace themselves to Bond Street or Ottawa but merely reach for the telephone and dial me like a cab, having suddenly noticed a child or the garden at its best. I hoped to be able to make occasional journeys round England seeing people I would otherwise never see, taking pictures of their children, charging the travel against tax and putting the profit in my pocket. My non-technical assets, I thought, would be no overheads, low charges, many rich relations with big broods, and above all—since I live in a sort of crèche of my own making—a way with children.

The day of the appointment with Grizzle came and there was no sun.

I have a big spot on noiseless castors which would bleach a funeral at 50 feet but I decided to leave it behind. I felt it essential to keep out of competition with people who are not only expert in the complex art of studio lighting but also have their batteries already sited. I must create a fashion in Happy-Snaps, children not looking offended by alien Teddies and Chinese backdrops, but happy with their familiars and delighted by a visitor who had a way with children.

All the same I needed *some* light: the sky was glum and children can be so mobile. So to be on the safe side I took a small spot and three floods, and a white coat to make myself into a reflector. When I had checked my cameras, films and lamps I looked at my watch as though my own wedding were at hand. Beginnings are important, and if I could get good pictures of Grizzle Uptwaite I might become popular and get that lovely fat feeling you see on the faces of the prosperous. My novels had earned me little but strange looks; I felt the moment had come to strike a jolly objective note and produce something sellable.

My last impression of home was my wife waving hopefully from the sink.

I reached the Uptwaite lodges in good time though I still had three miles of drive—down an aisle of daffodils, cedars and iron park railings. The front door was studded with immense rivets and flanked by two colossal bombards. I pulled a ring at the end of a long chain and a few moments later a tall butler opened the door and immediately came out, standing in front of the gap like a goalkeeper. His wizened and dissolute face looked over my shoulder and then congealed into an expression of speechless interrogation.

Though I had never expected to live to look down the wrong end of a butler I had always imagined I knew what such an experience must be like. But there is never any substitute for experience. When I had explained myself he changed and offered to carry my equipment. In other words the whole thing must have been an act. He said, "Miss Grizzle's in the morning room, sir," as though he had been expecting me.

Once inside I smelt a churchy smell of incense mixed with polish, freezias and cigar smoke. A Van Dyck opposite had special lighting. One good shot of Grizzle, I thought, and we can have cream on Sundays.

The next moment, as I followed the lamp-laden butler across the hall, there was a rushing sound past my right ear and a hollow c-r-ump. A Wellington boot dislocated by the force of its fall landed a few inches from my foot. I looked up . . . and saw a vast well of spiral staircase flanked with great suns of spears and claymores. The



Victoria, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Forbes Adam

butler too was looking up. "Miss Grizzle, sir!" he said.

We continued to look up as people do when they wonder if a single drop is to be prelude to a cloudburst.

"She has been warned about this," he suddenly said, loud enough to be heard on the top landing.

The pug-faced girl in a white party frock who greeted us in what was presumably the morning room, had a treacherous look as well as an affable smile. She was about eight. "Are you the Writographer," she said.

She stuffed a hand over her face and doubled up with giggles which were increased by the appreciation of a small boy who emerged from a near curtain shouting "Take me!"

"Where shall I put the electric lights, sir," said the butler.

"Anywhere—on the floor."

"Will that be all?"

"Are both the children to be photographed," I asked.

"One would imagine so," said the butler, "since both are prepared in unusual clothes." And with this he withdrew backwards, pulling shut both leaves of the 20-foot door.

Happy snaps, cosiness, natural lighting? We were in twilight, dressed for a ball.

And what a huge place! I supposed it was open to the public in the summer.

"Now!" I said briskly and put on my white coat.

When I had found some wall-plugs and connected the lamps I looked at Grizzle's face. The freckles were so dense like thousands of squashed crumbs of ginger cake, that the general effect was one of camouflage, breaking up her features and obscuring her eyes, which had very pale pupils. The only thing that stood out (apart from a spot the size of a 6d. between her brows) were her teeth—simply because they did in fact stand out except where gaps, some of them partially filled by second teeth, gave her the appearance of a witch. Yet she did have a sort of gamin appeal, a Wellington-boot look.

"Well," I said, "where shall we operate?"

"Operate?" said Grizzle. "Are you going to take an appendix out?"

Her face lit with a gleam of interest and imagination.

"Yes," I said and casually handed the boy a page



Annabel Janson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Janson of Brora, Sutherland



Perdita, third daughter of the author



Lady Emma Windsor-Clive, only daughter of the Earl & Countess of Plymouth



Caspar, only son of Ian Fleming, the author, and Mrs. Fleming

knife from a writing table (a way with children).

"EeuSHERN," he bellowed holding it with both hands.

"Would you like to see Fraulein Gotthilfz?" Grizzle said.

"Certainly. . . ."

"Would you like to see Fraulein God-help-us," the boy said. They were both giggling and egging each other on.

"But would you like both to come over here a moment?" I said.

"But would you like to see Fraulein God-help-us in. . . ."

"God, Dermot say it," Grizzle said, beginning to choke.

"In your knickers," Dermot said, with sudden gravity.

Probably I may have looked interested. They collapsed, incapable of another word, laughter having turned to airlock. I switched on the spot and two floods. Like two courtiers, aghast surprised by headlights they gave over and stared with sleepy resentment into a world suddenly transformed and hot.

"Dermot," I said, to animate them, "aren't you going to take out her appendix?"

"Come on," she said in a blasé tone. "You can."

During the preparation I got a few chances. But the disappearance of her eyes among the freckles and the prominence of the spot between her brows made it unrewarding work. I walked round her, sometimes on my kneecaps, sometimes standing.

When the second film was finished I made the mistake of overplaying the operation play. I asked Dermot when he was going to make incision. I was busy with the spool when I heard a cry of mingled rage and agony. I turned in time to see him go over the back of the sofa with flailing limbs while the tallest flood pitched slowly forward and buried its white-hot bulb in the brocade.

"He cut me," Grizzle yelled. "I'll kill him. I really will."

Picking up the light in one hand and Dermot with the other I saw that what she said was true. There was a thin thread of blood on her exposed stomach.

I think she must have thought he *hadn't* cut her, for when she looked down again she let out a yell more of discovery

than confirmation, and nipping round the sofa while I was righting the lamp she seized the paper knife and went for him.

As I yanked the child backwards, she slipped, caught the tasseled cloth that hung from the piano and the next moment was buried in daffodils, catkins, pot-pourri and the debris of a Chinese vase. Everyone was screaming and at that moment a German woman and Mrs. Lewison Upthwaite came in and asked what had happened.

Professionally speaking, not much.

Later, the images which swam out of the developer had the garishness familiar on prison identity sheets. What must have been Grizzle stared up at me with the terrible, flawless precision that only 500 watts and a reflex with a close-up lens can give. Medical research into the cuticle of a 10-year-old female might have benefited, and a sweepstake could have been based on the freckles. But where were her eyes?

Still, I did what I could, printed her through custard to modify the freckles, shaded her eye-balls with a pencil and took a real lancet to the grogblossom on each of 10 proofs, scooping delicately at the surface till it was white as a split walnut and then tingeing the wound till it almost matched its surroundings. 'Twelve hours' work, £5 costs.

My terms? I could say I had had a fire and lost the films. In the end I thought I'd better say £1 a print, no sitting fee and leave it to Mrs. Upthwaite to boost justice with generosity.

A fortnight after sending off the 24 proofs I got the following letter.

Dear Mr. Charteris,

We liked the one of Grizzle which we have enclosed. Could we have one of that please? Thank you *very* much. And could you please take out the freckles? I believe this is possible. (Someone in London told my husband!)

It was nice seeing you.

Yours sincerely,

Edwina Lewison Upthwaite.

But perhaps she did really like some of the proofs—since she kept them all.

Rohays Butter, whose eldest sister will be a bridesmaid for Miss Katharine Worsley



APRIL SHOWERS AT A SUSSEX WEDDING

by Muriel Bowen

THERE WAS NO mistaking England in spring. The roadside sign pointing to Faygate Place, where the reception was held, was blown askew by the wind which came curling in from the coast. The shower which spattered Horsham Parish Church during the marriage service of Mr. Adam Ridley and the Hon. Annabel Hawke, gave way to a real soaker. Women guests stood on the steps, a mixture of flying

Umbrella for Mr. Charles Brook lifting bridesmaid Susan Burnet high over the puddles to the reception



hair and happiness as they waited to shake hands with the bride and groom. Their menfolk, silent, purposeful, pondered *where* to put their umbrellas. Obvious and not so obvious receptacles had been filled by the early arrivals (they had also spotted the best places in the car park).

A man with a ginger moustache crooked his umbrella into a knobbly branch of the wistaria



arching high above the front door. Others did the same. Keeping the umbrellas apart became a problem after a while; umbrellas taken to weddings are all much of a muchness. One woman providently prodded hers behind a portrait of the family's famous Admiral.

Gen. Sir Lashmer & Lady Whistler, Col. & Mrs. John Prideaux, Mr. James Butler (son of the Home

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 156



Home and dry the bride and groom slipped up to see youngest Hawke sister, Olivia (6), in bed with a cold



PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE



Umbrellas again for the bride and groom. They left Horsham Parish Church under a canopy of them. So many were used to ferry guests that they were left to drip off (above) outside Faygate Place



Mr. Giles Ridley, Miss Ingrid Hoyle-Geach and her fiancé, Mr. Christopher Hunt



The Rev. Simon Ridley, the groom's brother, took part in the service



Mrs. Michael Ridley and Lady Hawke, mothers of groom and bride



Mr. Geoffrey Hodgson with the bride's father, Lord Hawke



The Hon. Rowena Hawke, who was a bridesmaid, and Lady Isabella Acheson

Secretary) & Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Richard Colville, and Lady Jean Zinovieff all went through the house to drink the health of the bride and groom in a marquee in the garden.

It was a big and happy occasion—such a crowd that it was easy to see why a bigger church had to be decided on after the invitations went out. “The children wrote glibly off to everybody, sending them invitations without keeping track of the numbers, but now that everybody is here I’m delighted,” explained Lady Hawke. Lady Wedgwood gazed happily at the roof of the marquee as the rain pelted down. “I’m very interested in it because it’s the one we’re having for the dance,” she said. Lady Wedgwood is giving a coming-out dance in July with Lady Barbara Hurst and Lady Hawke. On this showing the marquee will keep out any amount of rain.

The Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Eric Abbott, was there and so were the Marchioness of Reading, Mr. Roderick & the Hon. Mrs. Faure Walker, Mr. Edward Adeane, Mr. John & the Hon. Mrs. Easton, and Sir William & Lady McFadzean. Though a beginner, the McFadzean’s son Barry proved an unusually far-sighted best man. He brought two rings; the real one and one he had bought for half-crown in Woolworths the day before. “Well, you know what those old churches are. I was terrified of the ring falling through a grating.”

There was applause and a whisper of “silence for Uncle Theo” when Lord Hawke’s brother, the Hon.

APRIL SHOWERS AT A SUSSEX WEDDING *continued*

Theodore Hawke, took up his position by the cake to propose the health of the bride and groom. “The bride’s father is a Church Commissioner and her mother-in-law is one and when the Church Commissioners get together they do these things very well.” The bishops beamed. “Uncle Theo,” already established as family spokesman on social occasions, had done it again; he’d hit just the right note.

P.S.: A check with Lady Hawke four days after the wedding revealed: “There’s been a constant stream of men coming to reclaim their umbrellas and bring back the ones they took in error. It’s all been too amusing. Poor Sir Olaf Caroe was the last to get his.”

BLOSSOMS IN THE KING’S ROAD

Gardeners gathered at the Flowers & Art Exhibition at the Chenil Galleries (a benefit in aid of the Royal Gardeners’ Benevolent Society), and those who could not make it saw to it that they were appropriately represented. Lady Loder sent some of her cherry blossoms; the Earl of Buckinghamshire his rhododendrons. Nowadays people don’t go to flower shows just to see beautiful flowers in a well-cut vase; they go to see the latest in design and creative art. That was what interested Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones at the show.

“It’s all more creative nowadays,” said Miss Julia Clements, who organized the show. “This is partly due to the number of people who found themselves without a garden after the war and had to make do with whatever they picked up in a country lane.”

Looking round I was impressed by the extraordinary creativeness of some exhibitors. One competitor had set her arrangement against a background of her husband’s well-worn brown corduroy gardening trousers! She won a first prize.

The horticulturists were in a minority but they still had their say. That genial personality of the gardening world, the Hon. Sir David Bowes Lyon, discussed the exhibits with Mr. Armstrong-Jones using their Latin names. Lady Pamela Hicks came with her cousin, Princess Clarissa of Hesse, and other gardeners were the Mayor of Chelsea, Miss Katharine Acland, Mrs. John Tutin and her actress daughter Dorothy (it was Miss Tutin’s birthday and somebody produced a glass of champagne for her as a pre-theatre celebration), Mrs. Ronald Renton, Lady (Norman) Roberts, and Sir Alexander Seton, Bt.

Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, M.P., who gardens at her home near Farnborough, Kent, and who presented the prizes, came up with an interesting suggestion. “So many men Members of Parliament now go in for painting as relaxation I think that the woman M.P. might turn her hand to floral arrangement.”

FOR A TALENTED DEB

One of the first of the coming-out cocktail parties was a school vacation treat for Miss **Jane Kidd**, blonde, vivacious and talented daughter of **Major Edward Kidd & the Hon. Mrs. Kidd**. It was given by Mrs. **Anthony Blake**, an old friend of the family, at her flat at Melton Court. Miss Kidd is concentrating on exams until July; she's a mathematics enthusiast and hopes to study science at Cambridge or Bristol in the autumn. Her grandfather, Lord Beaverbrook, wanted to give a ball for her at Cherkley, his Surrey home, but it's now been decided to have the dance at the Kidd family home in Somerset.

This is perfect for Jane as her horses will be there too. She's one of our most promising international show-jumpers, and the ball will be in the indoor riding school with loose boxes used as an oyster bar and a lively night spot with a steel band.

At the party given by Mrs. Blake—"all the young were handpicked by my daughter Hattie" (last-year deb Miss **Harriet Thynne**)—was **Sir William Pigott-Brown, Bt.**, and another of last year's debs, Miss **Sally Raphael**, who like Miss Thynne works in an antique shop. Several of this year's debs were there, too, including Miss **Sarah Goalen** and the **Hon. Frances Ann Guest**.

LAUNCHING THE 'EMPRESS'

In Liverpool for the day, I lunched on board the new "Empress of Canada" which sets out across the Atlantic on her maiden voyage today. Times change and ships change with them. Cabins are more comfortable than on many of the older ships. But I wonder how people who like to tramp their two miles before breakfast along scrubbed decks with gleaming white railings will take to a deck with a pale blue colour scheme and pale blue rubber flooring to tramp along. It will certainly take them longer to do their two miles.

Colour doors in a different colour on each deck are a good idea, there's nothing so embarrassing on board ship as bursting into. . . . A passenger laundrette is included (men travelling alone use it as much as families, I was told). But the surprise, for a flagship of a famous line, is the absence of the really luxurious it's-better-to-travel-than-to-arrive sort of suites.

HAREWOOD AT STAMFORD

The Badminton Horse Trials begin tomorrow, but news of the week is that that wonderfully vibrant personality the **Marquess of Exeter** has come to the rescue by offering Burleigh House, his Lincolnshire place, for the British Horse Society's Three Day Event. Because of the consequences of last year's foot and mouth disease the **Princess Royal** is not able to lend Harewood.

"The B.H.S. people have been here and looked the place over," Lord Exeter tells me. "They think the natural conditions pretty good and that they can make some pretty horrible things—sporting obstacles I think they called them."

The Trials are to be held on 14, 15 and 16 September.

I inadvertently stated on April 5 that the reduced badges for Ascot for the under 25s were for men only. In fact ladies' badges for those under 25 will also be at the new reduced cost of £5.

FLOWERS & ART IN CHELSEA



Basketry & leaves, a competitor's interpretation of the "Spirit of the King's Road."
Right: Mrs. John Tutin



Miss Julia Clements. Left: Miss Katharine Acland & Miss Anne King-Harman, Chelsea's Mayor & Mayoress. Below: Princess Clarissa of Hesse & Lady Pamela Hicks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHEA SIEVEKING





GET HIM MOVING!

These pictures show how the thing can get out of hand, but the message is practical: no man can be persuaded to do anything about a new waistline unless the gadget interests him more than the exertion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COWAN

TEXT BY MARY MACPHERSON

You need—and so did William Tell—a pull of 60 to 70 pounds to get action from a crossbow—the pigeons (opposite), if only they knew it, never had it so safe

No traffic worries, no parking problems. The only question (below, left) here is what to read as you cycle along at a speedy standstill

Below: Skis across the Overpass—and while your legs are battling with the "Marker Automatic" skis, get your arms and shoulders into trim with the "Picas" Alcover's System



MENTION the word "Exercise" at any London party where husbands and wives are gathered together. A shifty look will slide into one set of eyes—a reproachful glare will glow in the other. Husbands who work in the City are pretty much on the defensive at the thought of doing anything more energetic than winding their wrist watches and walking to the office from where they parked their car. And wives, blundered into anxiety by constant warnings on the telephone of "Only your watchfulness can stave off a coronary," fly into an impatient rage every time they catch their husbands motionless, leaving the door open for cholesterol, fatty deposits, and temperamental liver. The resourceful wife who wants to work her husband's arteries up into a frenzy of healthy activity has no apparent choices to hand. But however skilled she becomes at producing reasons for her husband to bestir himself, he is even more skilled at the avoidance of moving even an eyelid unless it is of vital importance to his own immediate comfort.

Give him a squash racquet, and after one irritating session when he discovers that not only can he not keep his eye on the ball, half the time he doesn't even know where it is, he will thoughtlessly leave the racquet in the locker room and somehow never get round to collecting it.

Ask him to borrow the car so that he will have to walk part of the way to the office, and innumerable mechanical difficulties will be laid lovingly in your path. Gearboxes will mysteriously disintegrate, tyres will be dangerously worn, clutches will be slipping like mad. The whole contraption is obviously far too perilous for him to trust your frail mentality to.

Ask him to help dry the dishes, and he will eagerly agree, provided that you are prepared to spend half an hour pointing out why he should, and that you don't mind the low undercurrent of whine you will get as he puts them away just to the left of where they usually go.

After some weeks of effort you will find that exercise is something your husband gave up the day he left school. Perhaps, after you've seen these illustrations, you may think it's just as well.

MORE PICTURES OVERLEAF





A sprint is exhausting, but the good thing about practising starts (with the "MacDonald Bailey" starting block) is that you can keep on stopping.

Left: Stalking starlings won't do. If your .22 calibre Auschitz is going to get your weight down you must take it for a walk across the moors. (Target rifle from Cogswell & Harrison Ltd.)

Below: A rowing machine keeps you safely off the river—perfection for dry bobs.

GET HIM MOVING! *continued*

Opposite: Surface swimming palls? Dive into the "Typhoon" Flippers and Dry Suit, and investigate deep sea goings-on. All equipment from Lillywhites, except the rifle.





Mr. Anthony Given and Miss Diana Tubbs, who got engaged that day

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Mr. & Mrs. R. T. Redmayne spin round in a Scottish reel



Below: Miss Gillian Tubbs with Mr. Peter Kennedy-Scott



Sir Graham Rowlandson with Mrs. John Page, wife of the M.P.



Lt.-Gen. A. E. Percival, Branch Director of the Hertfordshire Red Cross, with Mrs. Richard Boyle, its president and chairman

A BALL AT HAILEYBURY

The Hertfordshire branch of the Red Cross Society held their biennial charity ball for the first time in the Memorial Hall of Haileybury College

Surgeon-Capt. Peter de Bec Turtle, who is M.O. at Haileybury and has just been appointed Honorary Surgeon to the Queen, with his wife



Waiting for Flight 123

by **Claud Cockburn**
with drawings by
Peter Kneebone



In the passengers' lounge at the airport anyone could see that Traveller A (a slightly sub-average man) was seeking to draw, then rivet, the attention of Traveller B (a slightly above average woman). This happens at all tables in airport lounges. It is an ascertained fact that on railway stations more than 70 per cent of A-type men take no special steps to arrange matters so that they will, when the train comes in, naturally get into a carriage with a B-type woman. Instead they stand on the platform reading newspapers to themselves right up to the last moment. At airports more than 60 per cent of such men have admitted when questioned that they try to employ the time of waiting in such a way that when their flight is called they will already be in conversation with a B-type (if available) and will thus, by natural stages from lounge, to tarmac, to gangway, end up in the next seat to her on the plane.

The difference is thought to indicate that some suggestion of adventure still, in some men's minds, attaches to the act of flight. Men who would not think of saying to a fellow railway traveller "I think that was Reading we just passed through" will look out of the plane window—actually rubbing it with a handkerchief if misted—and remark quite knowingly that "that was Clermont Ferrand down there." They seem to take some credit for Clermont Ferrand, not realizing that the B-type woman knows that in the first place it wasn't Clermont Ferrand at all but St. Etienne, and secondly even if it had been the man didn't put it there, did he?

In the case under present observation, the travellers concerned had been waiting a considerable time. As always happens when people are waiting for a plane to Nice or Dublin, all the flights were for Düsseldorf. Traveller A had already said that thing about how amazing, indeed paradoxical, it is that the time consumed in getting from your hotel to the airport is longer than that of the whole flight from capital to capital, and was casting about for further riveting remarks. The remark he selected was "I see in the paper that the Marconi people working on this radar apparatus for spotting speeding motorists have found a way of telling the difference between men and women in the dark. Wonderful what you can do with radar."

To the detached observer it was apparent that Traveller B—who evidently had not read the newspaper story referred to—considered the remark either utterly pointless or as being some sort of joke in dubious taste. Traveller A failed to notice this reaction, being mentally derailed for a moment by the public address system howling out to tell another lot of passengers to Düsseldorf to proceed to door 5 or whatever it was. Most passengers to Düsseldorf on their way to the exit bump against the tubular metal chairs of people waiting to go to Dublin or Nice, and Traveller A was so bumped.

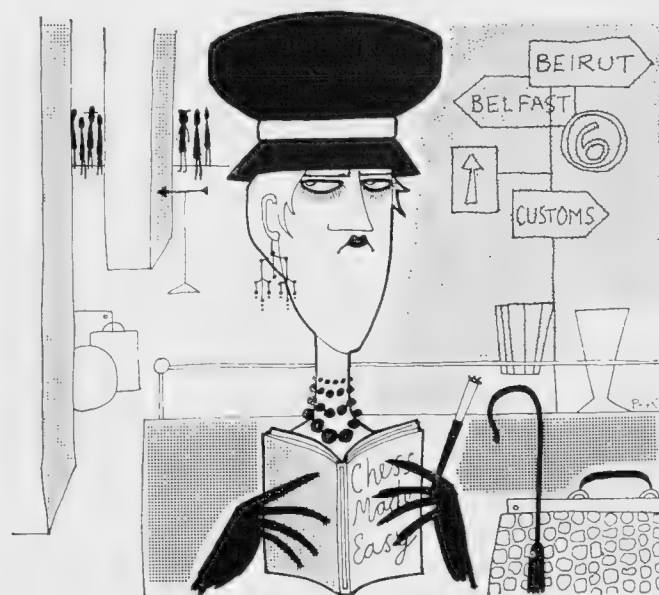
On re-settling his nerves he said "This gadget can tell the

difference by their legs. In the dark. Women's legs move differently from men's. Yours move differently from mine. With this affair anyone could tell the difference between our legs in the dark. If it was your legs, for instance, the machine would give a high, piercing whistle."

Even Traveller A could see that Traveller B was now looking quite a bit askance. Dazed by this he said, "I mean it's all scientific. I mean with this apparatus, which works on what they call the Doppler system—I mean it says so in the paper—they can even tell the difference between women and dogs." After giving himself time to listen to what he had just said, he hung a small laugh on the end of it to indicate that this, though scientifically true according to the Marconi people, was meant as a kind of joke as well.

Had Traveller A looked less like himself and more like Gregory Peck it may be that he would have had Traveller B laughing with him, talking about what her legs looked like in the dark, and getting ready to gasp in admiring amazement when he told her that they were now approaching Lyons at a height of 26,000 feet. Conditions being what they were, she said: "I don't know what on earth you think you're talking about and it happens not to interest me at all. Much less than this book I've been trying to read for the last quarter of an hour." She did ostentatious business with book. It could be seen, however, that the business of the radar whistling at women's legs in the dark had got in among her somewhat, and she looked briefly up from her book to say, rebukingly: "What use would it be anyway? Anyone can tell the difference between a man and a woman in the dark. I know I can." She checked, as though fearing she had opened the door to intimate conversation after all. Abruptly doing more

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Waiting for Flight 123 CONTINUED

business with book, she said: "If those radar people are so damn clever why can't they invent something useful?"

Traveller A sensed that the ball was now in his court after all, and prepared to play it by saying the thing about how amazing, nay paradoxical, it is that they can send a thing round the moon but cannot cure the common cold. He hesitated, wondering whether she might have heard the point made before. Statistically (according to careful airport records) he was not going to be able to make the statement anyway, because he was now due to be bumped again, twice—once on hip by heavy briefcase carried by Traveller C, once at base of skull by camera in heavy leather case hanging on straps from neck of same Traveller, who was not looking where he was going but first across the lounge to see whether anyone was serving at the liquor-serving part of the buffet bar, then at the clock. He then said, "Room for a little one?" and seated himself between Travellers A and B. Also in line with the statistics, which show that a fraction over 34 per cent of male travellers so state when entering the lounge half an hour before, or half an hour after, the licensed drinking hours, he stated that it was (a) a damn scandal that you could get a drink out of hours in the transit lounge or the V.I.P. lounge but not in the ordinary departure lounge, (b) the kind of thing that made Britain look ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners and how can we expect to get tourists coming here if they're going to be treated like children? He added: "If I was Charlie Forte I'd do something about it"—a remark often, but not invariably, associated with statements (a) and (b).

Traveller A said: "Quite." Traveller C said: "I mean to say if I was Prince Philip or Mr. Harold jolly Macmillan or some other V.I.P. I'd be able to get a drink, wouldn't I? Well I mean, wouldn't I?" Traveller B continued reading. Traveller C made a movement as though to nudge her and indicated humorous intent by saying: "I'm not Prince Philip or Mr. Macmillan you know, not really. Got a good book for the journey, have you? Not Lady C, I hope."

Traveller B now faced what is known as "B's dilemma." In favour of leaving the table and finding a seat somewhere else was that, were she to remain, it might prove impossible to elude Travellers A and C when the flight was called, and she might find herself wedged inescapably into company with one or other—even both, if there were those three abreast seats—for the whole trip. The sense of discomfort produced by such a possibility is known as "airport Angst" or "pre-flight claustrophobia" and is one of the reasons why some doctors recommend train travel for long journeys on the ground because it is usually possible to go down the corridor to another carriage or spend the journey in the dining car. Militating against a decision to leave the table was the consideration that she would have to (a) find a piece of paper or something to mark her place in her book for fear she might open it at the wrong page and find who done it prematurely, (b) open her hand-bag to make sure that her passport and ticket were in it, as she did whenever making the smallest move from one spot to another, e.g. from lounge at terminal to airport bus, and airport bus to airport lounge, because it would be too awful if she left them on the table and one of those two men came running after her with them looking as though that was just the



HUNTER HIGH JUMPS



sort of thing he expected a feckless woman to do, and (c) wrap her two glossy-covered magazines round her book in such a way that she could carry them all under her arm without the book being suddenly extruded, forwards or backwards, and then have to do the same thing all over again at the new table when the flight was finally called.

Her decision to stay put was statistically normal. The number of travellers who actually give way to "airport Angst," believing that any effort or inconvenience *now* is better than having this person or that practically in one's lap all the way to Cairo, is fairly small. This *Angst* ordinarily becomes overpowering only when the fellow traveller is visibly and rowdily drunk, or has been overheard to state that he/she is "*always* airsick *all* the time and don't talk to me about pills, they're no use to *me*, I've tried them all."

Traveller A now saw an opportunity to gain ground with Traveller B by looking with marked censoriousness at Traveller C. By way of indicating that there was more "togetherness" between himself and B than there ever could be between either of them and C, he then partly turned his back on C and, addressing B direct, said that there seemed to be a lot of people travelling. Before she could reply, the public address system began to utter again, and Traveller C said: "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Any more for the Skylark? Anyone else for jolly old Düsseldorf?"

He made for the embarkation door, bumping the chair of Traveller A as he went.

Alone again with Traveller B. Traveller A confided to her that he was going to Dublin, and she disclosed to him that she was a passenger to Nice.



Capt. P. F. Arkwright, North Warwickshire joint-Master, was a starter marshal for the hunt's trials at Stretton on Dunsmore. Above, left: Miss Sandra Billington of the home hunt on Blue Prince II. Top, left: Mrs. J. S. Chapman



Major Chester Williams and Col. G. G. Alderson, Hunt secretary. Right: Mrs. J. J. Crotty, a cross-country judge. Below: Miss Mary Hickman



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN ILLAN



South Staffordshire Hunt members Mr. H. N. Wheatley and (back) Mr. W. J. Whale at the Quarry Jump. Left: Pony Club members Cheryl Langham and Penny Summerfield flagged to the judges when cross-country fences tumbled

Policies

Freeze

on to the idea of a new focal point. Nothing is gloomier on a brisk summer evening than sitting in a circle peering into an empty grate. Better to look out of the window than up the chimney—so screen the fireplace temporarily right out of your life with cane or hand-painted Chinese silk, and have the sofa looking away from it rather than into it.



Steam-hot

kitchens are depressing enough without the sight of a dark-grey cavernous front area, morbidly decorated by milk-bottles. Now is the time to splash around with Snowcem or emulsion paint, exchange the milk bottles for pretty flower-tubs, and grow some climbing plants. Grape vines have been achieved in London.



Warm

and friendly touches in winter quickly become summer clutter. Sunshine does an expert job of accentuating dust on all those china ornaments. If you can face the starkness, the Japanese way of cutting out everything that isn't absolutely essential is cooler and cleaner.

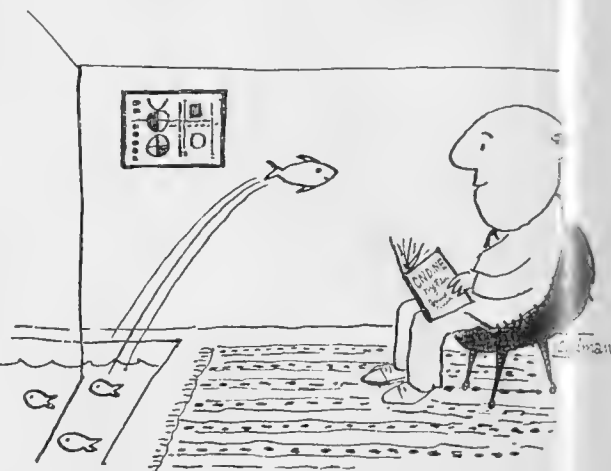
Cool

girls startle their rooms into a new way of life by using enormously blown-up landscape photographs. Surprise a room which has always thought of itself as sunny with a cool dark water-scene. Sizzle a chilly hall into activity with a Spanish or Mexican landscape. (Carltoph, 44-50 Lancaster Street, S.E.1, will do any size of mural, but only from your originals or negatives. It costs 3s. to 4s. a square foot, plus 8s. per copy negative.)



Snowy-white

metal terrace chairs lower the temperature of a room. So does cane or wickerwork furniture.



Cold-blooded

tropical fish as pets are decorative rather than affectionate. Gamages, and Fishtanks of Baker Street will help you choose container, occupants, and plants for them to swim around. For pampered fish whose owners are planning a new house or a major conversion, a pool can be built half in the garden, half indoors, divided by a plate-glass window down to the water.

A Hot

idea for cool rooms (and vice versa). If you have £220 to spare, adore comfort and enjoy boasting, install an air-conditioner unit, new from America at Harrods. It looks something like a radio, is fixed almost as easily (to the lower part of a non-view window) and cools in summer, warms in winter. Something along the same lines, but much cheaper, is the portable fan heater which puffs out chilly air or hot at the turn of a switch.

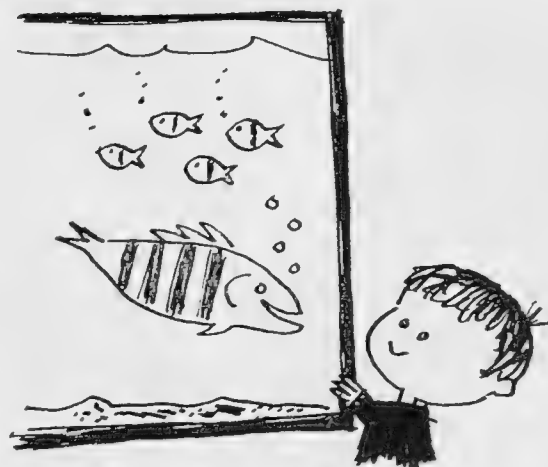
for bringing summer indoors

Oven-hot

rooms can be refreshed with crisp curtains. Chintz, replacing oppressive velvet for the summer, clears the air in the same way as a thunderstorm after a stifling day. In rooms which get less than their share of sun try a bright abstract or striped cotton like the Scandinavian ones in Woollands and Libertys, or a Heals fabric. Thai silks look fabulous—and as far as expense goes, are.

Freeze

out heavy carpets for the heat-wave. Replace them with earth-coloured Chinese or Spanish rush matting . . . striped Indian rugs . . . traditional woven Spanish rugs in shouting colours at Casa Pupo, Pimlico Road.



Sun

-loving plants prosper near a window. Mass them on a table, using the prettiest pots you can lay hands to. (Libertys have Porcelain de Paris pots with saucers to match, in white with cool flower designs. Some plants (ivy, philodendrons) hate the bright lights—let them lead languid lives in the hall. Don't forget the touches of greenery a fish tank introduces.

Hot-tempered

indoor gardeners who get lakes on the grand piano every time they water the aspidistra can simplify the whole thing—if they have a ground-floor sitting room—by having a glass extension built out like a large deep window down to the ground.

Ice-cream

colours for loose-covers are worth the trouble of cleaning them twice as often. Escape, if you can, the heavy floral patterns most shop assistants produce as soon as they hear the phrase "loose covers." True, they may last longer—and one, you'll be wishing they'd wear out. If you want to play safer with child-proof colours, John Lewis and Peter Jones have a plain cotton rep in 30 good strong colours at 9s. 11d. a yard.

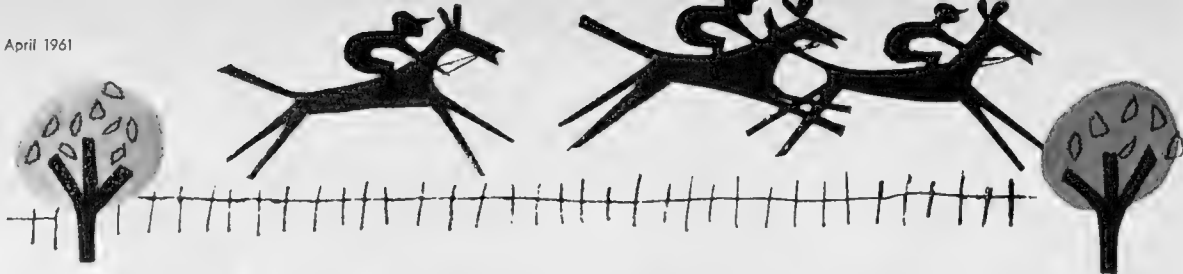
Cold

old linoleum in the bathroom starts the sunniest day in a gloom. Brighten it with Liquid Lino, now available in 17 colours, ranging from clear to black. It costs 5s. for half a pint from John Lewis and builders' stockists. Remember to use two coats and remember to let it set diamond-hard before applying the second one.

Warm-blooded

Latins who tire of the whole business should move all their furniture into the middle of the room, cover it with a dustsheet and make hasty tracks for Corfu.





preFABRICations



Screen-printed pure silk twill from the Swiss firm of Abraham has an abstract floral design of olive green motifs outlined with black on a white ground. Also in other colours from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. Width 36 in., price: 42s. 9d. a yard

Staron's pure-silk twill printed with doodle spheres in puce and scarlet on a white ground. It is also printed in six other colourways. From France and exclusive to Harrods, S.W.1. Width 36 in., price: 35s. a yard

Heathcoat's put cotton in the couture class by mixing it with viscose and giving it a Schreiner finish that lends extra body. This multi-colour design faintly reminiscent of a stained-glass window comes in many colourways. At Robinson & Cleaver, W.1; Lewis Lewis, Swansea; Susan, Stamford, Lincs. Width 36 in., price: about 15s. 11d. a yard



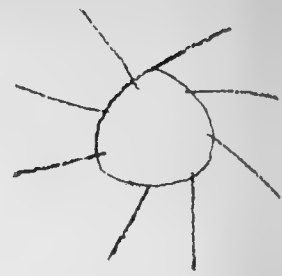
... devised and presented by Felicity Lewis who matched the motifs to the moments. On this page: patterns that would make up for Ascot

Silk organza printed with black, tan, grey and white cubes (also in other colourways,) from the superb collection of fabrics in the French Room at Jacqmar, 16 Grosvenor Street, W.1, many of which are being used currently by the leading Paris couturiers in their summer collections. Width 38 in., price: 79s. 6d. a yard. The same design is available in a French cotton at about 49s. 6d. per yard



Heathcoat's pure silk printed with an abstract cubist design in contrasting tones of green has a special splash-proof finish entirely appropriate to Ascot. At Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Bulloughs, Carlisle. Width 36 in., price: about 24s. 11d. a yard

Another French silk twill from Staron printed with yellow chrysanthemums on a white ground but also available in other colours. At Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1. Width 36 in., price: about 39s. 6d. a yard



preFABRICations CONTINUED

Fine butcher blue and white woven cotton called Jamaïque used for the beach girl's slacks bears the label of Boussac, most famous name in French textiles. Also in other colours and on sale at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, width 39 in., price: 6s. 11d. a yard. On the home front Ferguson's make the basket weave cotton used for the beach top. It is printed with a design of concentric ovals on white in shades of mauve and pink. From Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.1; A. R. Buchanan, Falkirk, width 36 in., price: about 9s. 11d. a yard



A British cotton shapes up to the sun with a decidedly Continental air. Heathcoat's multi-coloured "deckchair" stripes are in gay shades of yellow, green, red, blue and orange. And the colours are guaranteed fast even on the beach. From Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street, W.1; Dyas Bros., Shrewsbury, width 36 in., price: 8s. 11d. a yard

Another Boussac cotton from France printed in a splash-coloured geometric design. Colours are orange, yellow, mauve, tan and white—there are many alternative colourways. From Selfridges, W.1;

Bon Marche, Liverpool; Cavendish House, Cheltenham, width between 39 to 40 in., price: about 18s. 11d. a yard



Pure Moygashel Irish linen comes from Stevensons of Northern Ireland. The fabric, for which this house is famous, is treated with a special crease-resistant finish. The linen has an overall embroidered design in two tones of grey with white on a wide range of background colours. From John Lewis, Oxford Street, W.1; Darlings, Edinburgh; Kendal Milne, Manchester, width 36 in., price: 29s. 6d. a yard

Confirming the success of companion fabrics in Paris this season—Marc Bohan at Dior was the supreme exponent—

172 THE TATLER 19 April 1961

Ascher of London have printed three different fabrics with the same poppy design in charcoal on white. Of the two shown here Camarille, used for a sheath evening dress, is a heavy silk with a petit point weave, width 36 in., price: 39s. 6d. a yard. The stole is of gossamer silk organdie, Scalimar, width 42 in., price: 59s. a yard. All three fabrics can be bought at Libertys, W.1, and the Cadogan Postal Service, St. Albans Mews, W.2, or from local Cadogan consultants

preFABRICations

CONTINUED

Bridal gown for a summer or a winter wedding is made in a Sekers fabric from the West Cumberland Silk Mills. This

luxurious gold lamé brocade is of rayon-Lurex and obtainable from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1; Schofields, Leeds, width 48 in., price: 31s. 9d. a yard.

The bride's mother wears a coat of Jacqmar's warp-printed pure silk with a black satin stripe running through it at intervals. This fabric comes in black and grey only from the Jacqmar Shop, 16 Grosvenor Street, W.1; width, 40-42 in., price 8 gns. a yard







preFABRICations CONCLUDED

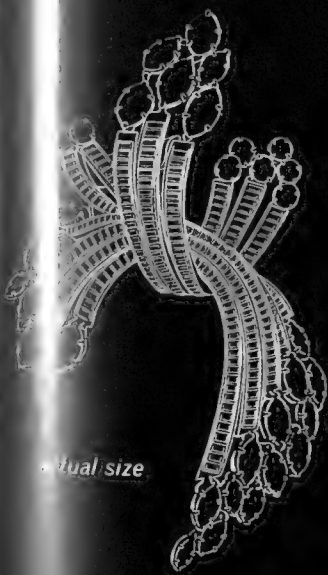


To wear about town, companion fabrics (left) from Dormeuil of London have warmth without weight. The two pure wool cloths, one in plain beige, the other in beige checked with cream weigh only 12-13 oz. to the yard. From Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, width 54 in., price: 34s. 9d. a yard.

The two-tone Viscose fabric called Accolade has a rayon weave. It is from Stevensons, the Irish linen weavers, and is sold under their brand name of Moygashel. Here the colours are black and tan but there are many others. From Dickins & Jones, W.1; Bedford Williams, Wolverhampton; Bentalls, Kingston, width 36 in., price: 7s. 11d. a yard

The ever-popular Glen Check worsted (left) is again from Dormeuil. Here in traditional black and white it weighs 13-13½ oz. a yard and is perfect fabric for summer coats and suitings. From Marshall & Snelgrove, London, W.1, width 54 in., price: 47s. 6d. a yard. The coat is made up in a mixture cloth of wool and rayon with a slub finish. The colours are black peppered with white and the cloth called Salus is from the vast current range of Sekers fabrics produced by the West Cumberland Silk Mills, (London H.Q., 29 Bruton St., W.1.). From Woollands, S.W.1; width 48 in., price: about 26s. a yard

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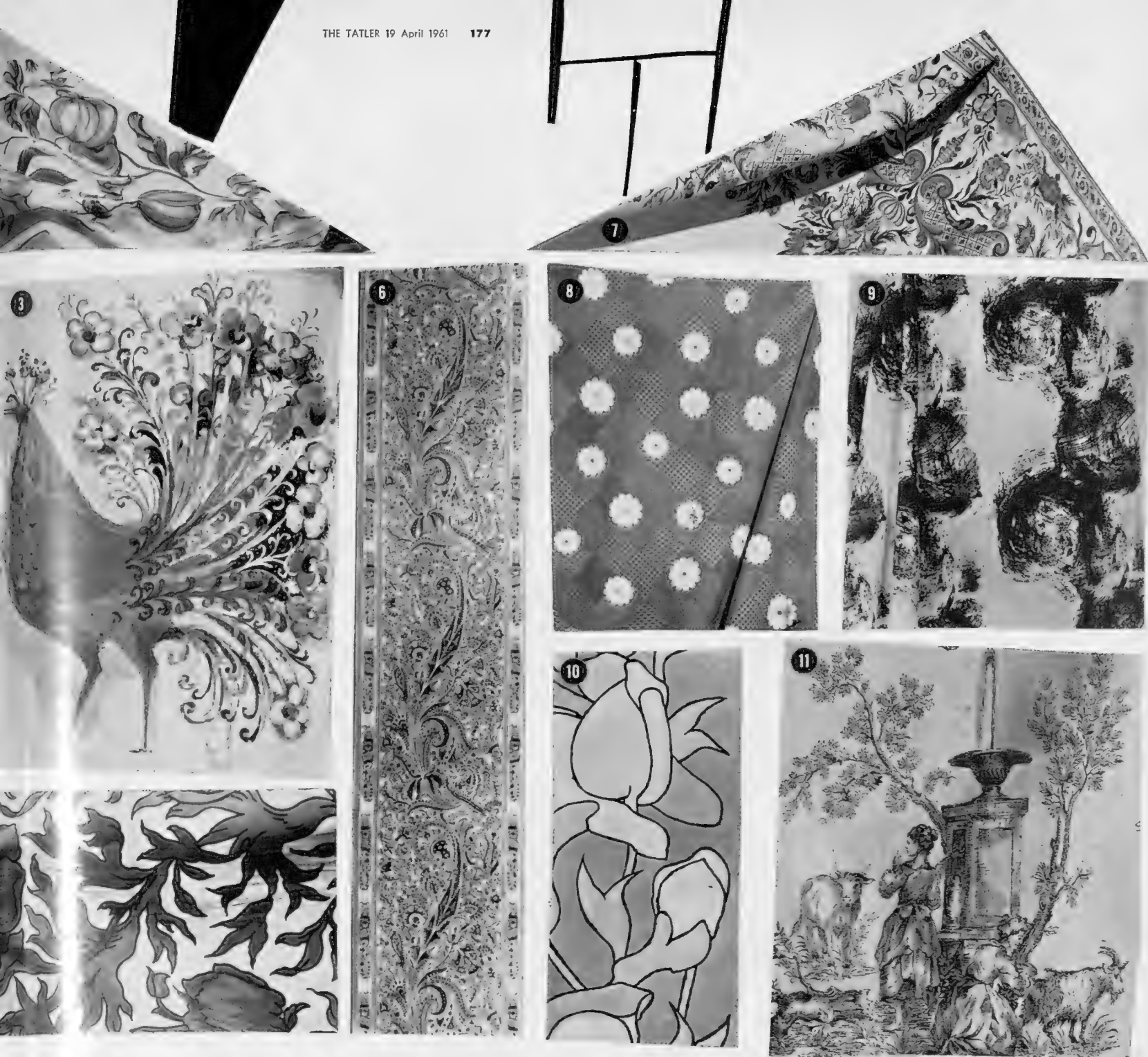
Fresh touches in textiles

Touches that transform interior thinking are easily achieved with this summer's exciting new range of furnishing fabrics. Patterns are bolder, colours more daring; there are fabrics for moods and for fantasies—especially among designs with an Eastern influence.

- 1 Everglaze chintz with a magnificent pattern of huge wild roses and fruits spiralling upwards. Chinese influence is revealed in the clear, fresh colours (there are several), and in the pattern. Width: 50 in., price: about 30s. 6d. a yard. By Warners, through all leading stores.
- 2 Plain, oyster-coloured, tufted fabric with a silken look from Miki Sekers's new collection of furnishing materials. Their beauty lies in colours which range from daring and sombre theatrical shades to soft pastels. Width: 48 in., price: about 63s. 11d. a yard from Heals.
- 3 Cotton covered all over with huge regimented squares like this one. In vivid oranges, reds and pinks on white, or blues and browns, the fabric is imported from the Continent by Sandersons. Width: 48 in.-50 in., price: about 35s. 3d. a yard from leading soft furnishing stores.
- 4 Cotton textile by Tibor, muted checks in Moorland colours including peat and heather. Width: 48 in.-50 in., price: about 21s. a yard, at Heals from the beginning of May.
- 5 Art Nouveau print from Liberty's *Lotus* range. Some of last year's dress fabrics translated into furnishing textiles, either of cotton or linen. This, from an original block, is in bright blue and green on white cotton but there are other colours. Width: 48 in., price: 22s. 11d. a yard.
- 6 Paisley *bordure* from Pierre Frey's colourful range. In satin cotton, it comes in either primrose yellow and clear blue on white, or bricks and greys. Price: about 15s. a yard, from leading interior decorators and stores.
- 7 *Bordure* with fabric, also from Pierre Frey, has a wide pattern of rioting foliage in blues or rose-reds on natural cotton. Width: 51 in. including the border. Price: about 44s. a yard, available as 6.
- 8 Cotton fabric showing the influence of Japanese art on Edinburgh Weavers. Stylized white daisies are dropped on a patchwork background of blues. Width: 48 in.-50 in., price: about 23s. a yard, from Liberty's; Dowan's, Chichester; Taylor & Hobson, Huddersfield.
- 9 Heavy cotton textile designed by Isobel Watson for Danasco has a smudgy black print on white and is hugely patterned, the repeat is 18½ in. It is part of a collection specially designed for Danasco and made in this country. There are plain cottons to match the printed fabrics. Price of this one: about 14s. 11d. Width: 51 in. From Eva Hauser Gallery, Finchley Road; Hopewells, Nottingham; Newberry & Spindler, Bristol.
- 10 Heavy cotton satin designed by Shirley Craven. This is the centre strip—which comes in several colours—of close-knit flower heads flanked by white. Width: 48 in.-50 in. complete, price: about 33s. 9d. a yard through leading London stores.
- 11 *Toile de jouy* pattern on heavy cotton by Boussac. Hyacinth on white, also in other colours. Width: 50 in.-51 in., price: about 10s. 11d. from Woollands, S.W.1, and leading stores throughout the country.

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN





— & THESE ARE THE FABRICS ON THE COVER



Top left: Wall of Warner's blue and white glazed chintz with toile de jouy print. 50 in. wide, 15s. 9d. a yard at leading stores. Bed covered by Liberty's turquoise blue ribbed cotton. 48 in. wide, about 27s. 6d. a yard. Pillow and lampshade are in Sanderson's deep blue slubbed cotton. 48 in.-50 in. wide, about 17s. 9d. a yard through leading stores. Carpet of Heal's wool and cotton in heavy woven fabric, royal blue flecked with turquoise, 48 in. wide, about 36s. 9d. a yard. Top right: wall of Liberty's red ribbed cotton, 48 in. wide, 27s. 6d. a yard. Beds covered in Warner's patterned chintz (often used to line plain

curtains). 50 in. wide, about 14s. 6d. a yard at leading shops. Bottom left: Wall of yellow and orange striped heavy Swedish cotton by Danasco, 8s. 11d. a yard at Derry & Toms, and Heal's lime yellow and green woven cotton and wool fabric. 48 in. wide, 36s. 9d. a yard. Carpeted in Liberty's cotton velvet which comes in a range of colours, 48 in. wide, about 27s. 6d. a yard. Bottom right: Carpet of Heal's pure cotton in a design of black and nigger, 48 in. wide, 12s. 9d. a yard. The roof is material by Sandersons, simulating silk, the fabric has flecks of metal running through; 48 in.-50 in. wide, 34s. 6d. a yard from leading shops.

LORD KILBRACKEN



I survey the Derby field

First thoughts
on the principal
contenders by
the man who gave
last year's runner-up
at 33 to 1!

THE EPSOM DERBY IS ONLY SIX WEEKS AWAY—IT COMES earlier than usual this year. So it may be helpful if I revert momentarily to one of my earlier professions, that of Racing Correspondent, and consider the relative merits of the principal contenders. This will naturally enable you to profit from the “long odds” at present being offered by the benevolent bookmakers.

It's a funny year. Let's begin by considering the Free Handicaps, which are—need I say?—the traditional official guides to the worth of this season's three-year-olds in England, France and Ireland. But in the English list, the ladies so dominated last year's racing that six of the top eight are fillies; most of them may contend the Oaks but none the Derby. This leaves the two Irish colts, Typhoon and Floribunda, but they are believed non-stayers and are not entered for Epsom.

We therefore have the probably unprecedented situation that none of the top eight in the English Free Handicap is even a Derby candidate. This leaves Sir Adrian Jarvis's TEST CASE and Mr. Joe McGrath's TIME GREINE at the top of the theoretical tree.

This *should* make the race a good thing for the French-trained RIGHT ROYAL V, who topped the French Free Handicap: he was rated two pounds ahead of Opaline II, who was top of the English list with nine pounds in hand over Test Case and Time Greine. But Right Royal's trainer, Etienne Pollet, has announced that his prime objective is the Derby at Chantilly, and that the odds are 50-1 against him ever even seeing Epsom Downs. (This at a time when Right Royal was a 6-1 A.P. favourite for the Epsom race.) So we can profitably forget him too.

The next eight on the French list are not entered for the Derby—three of them are fillies—leaving MISTI IV and PLOERMEL officially the best of the French. On a line through Opaline, moreover, they should be three pounds better (or about a length) than the best of the English. SCAMANDRE is only half-a-kilo behind them.

Only three of the first 24 in the Irish Free Handicap are entered for the Derby. A pound below Time Greine comes the Prendergast-trained WAR DANCER, a grey by Zucchero, who however only won one small race last year. Two pounds below War Dancer is Mrs. Biddle's COUNTER-ATTACK, who won his only race (a small one) last year, and whose sire, Never Say Die, won the Derby and St. Leger in 1954.

If any horse other than those I've mentioned wins the

Derby, he must have made sensational progress through the winter; or else he does not appear in any of the Free Handicaps because too little, or nothing, was known of him to the handicappers. In this category come SOSTENUTO, ARIVEDERCI and PINTURISCHIO.

Sostenuto ran once last year, easily winning the Gainsborough Stakes—a race over a full mile and worth £5,000—and it is rather odd that this did not entitle him to a Free Handicap listing. Sostenuto is owned by Mr. Phil Bull, who cannot be lightly dismissed and, like Counter-Attack, is by Never Say Die. But his dam was by Tudor Minstrel, a proved non-stayer, and I must therefore exclude him.

Arivederci, on his only outing, finished six lengths behind Sostenuto; but I implore you to note his breeding. He is by Ribot out of a Nearco mare (which makes him, incidentally, three-quarters Italian). Have I said enough? Nearco, apart from everything else, sired two Derby winners and was the grandsire of Tulyar; Ribot won two Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe—I watched both races and will never forget them—not to mention the Italian Derby and the K.G. VI & Q.E. Stakes. Arivederci, if breeding means anything, should say *arivederci* to the rest of the field about a furlong from the finish.

So to Pinturischio, who provides the real problem; he had never been on a racecourse until last Thursday. He has, however, an unparalleled advantage—he is owned by Sir Victor Sassoon. Now Sir Victor, as you ought to know, has established a Derby monopoly, which is utterly unprecedented: he has won the race three times in the last four years (and four times in the last eight). Moreover, Pinturischio would be ridden by Lester Piggott, who has won three of the last seven Derbys, two of them for Sir Victor. Moreover, his sire is Pinza, the Sassoon Derby winner for 1953. The invincibility of this combination has established this unraced colt as a favourite or near-favourite at the moment of writing.

I warn you not to forget him. If Sir Victor could win the Derby with Hard Ridden—by the sprinter Hard Sauce, and bought by him, in Dublin, for much less than a “monkey”—he can win it with anything.

Finally, let me remind you of that great Irish trainer, Mr. Vincent O'Brien, who hasn't been seen on a racecourse for nearly a year owing to a slight disagreement, shall we say, with the Irish stewards. (It was alleged that his Chamour, now unhappily defunct, was doped to win a maiden plate worth £200; yet two months later he won the Irish Derby amid scenes of enthusiasm which showed beyond doubt the public's feelings in the matter.) O'Brien will have his licence back in time for Derby Day, and I have a strong feeling that he will be doing all he can to re-enter the racing scene with a spectacular bang.

And he has *ten* Derby candidates. Two of these, SANTANDER and ROI DES MONTS, did not race last year. SEA FEVER has already won as a three-year-old. NEANDERTHAL (by Nearula) won over six furlongs last back-end. There are also GREEN DRAKE (by Phil Drake), PYLON and MISTER MOSS (both by Mossborough, sire of Ballymoss), and ARCHIPELAGO (by Acropolis), who are virtually unraced.

Well, there's the problem stated. You may now take your pick. I won't be giving you the actual winner till the morning of the race; but I'll say that I believe he'll have a strong Irish accent.

Left: *The Count* (Robert Hardy), and the Countess (Phyllis Calvert) in *The Rehearsal* (reviewed below)

Kenneth More takes the *Grey family* (Susannah York, Jane Asher, Elizabeth Dear & Richard Williams) for a ride in *The Greengage Summer* (*Films*, page 180)

VERDICTS



ANGUS McBEAN



ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

The Rehearsal. Globe Theatre. (Alan Badel, Phyllis Calvert, Maggie Smith, Robert Hardy, Diana Churchill.)

he luck turns for M. Anouilh

MUCH THE CLEVEREST PLAY IN London, and, I think, the most exciting, is *The Rehearsal* at the Globe. It has been put on for a limited season only, partly, I suppose, because it is 10 years old and also, I doubt, because English audiences in the recent past have seemed to find the mordancy of M. Anouilh's humour altogether too French for their liking.

He has been unlucky in most of his English productions. They have tended to create the impression that a dramatist who has the technical dexterity to "play" so frivolously with his characters must necessarily be a shocking cynic. The truth is of course that M. Anouilh is not a cynic at all. He is the much more familiar figure of the idealist disappointed in mankind because he expected too much of it. He is always reminding us that though it is tragic and comic that the world should so ruthlessly corrupt innocence, yet the innocence was intensely real and true and touching; indeed, had it not been so, nothing could have been corrupted because there would have been nothing to corrupt. Sentimental perhaps, but assuredly not cynical.

This is the point that he makes with quite extraordinary technical skill in *La Répétition*. A party of

modern aristocratic idlers are passing time in the country by getting up a Marivaux comedy and everyone is dressed accordingly. The comedy chosen, *Le Double Inconstance*, exactly parallels the intrigues in which the amateur actors are themselves engaged, and while the artificialities of Marivaux echo elusively in the air the spoiled playboy Count is finding himself strangely attracted by the virginal freshness of the young governess who has been given a part.

The Countess, perceiving what is going on, takes offence. She has her lover as the Count has his mistress. There is no harm in that, for all concerned know the rules of the game and observe them. But her husband's incipient passion for a pure woman, not of their world might seriously disturb this life. She and the Count's mistress decide that something must be done.

Obviously the corruption of the governess is the most satisfactory way of dealing with the situation, and there is at hand a witty sot who is without much difficulty induced to visit the governess by night and corrupt her vision of true love. This is a marvellously well-written scene and Mr. Alan Badel rises to it splendidly, carrying Miss Maggie Smith with him. He has a romantic reason for an ugly job which panders to his latent sadism and habitual drunkenness, but his own youthful disappointment in love, though he has got into the way of making it a romantic pretext for doing what he pleases, is not entirely bogus. It still has power to struggle with the devil in him that is bent on destroying the girl's selfless love for the Count and encompassing the death of her heart. Mr. Badel gives us every fine shade of the struggle, and we know that when at last he has conquered the girl he has himself gone down to a defeat which leaves him disgusted with life.

So a comedy which has been presented to us as mannered and artificial has been suddenly changed by theatrical sleight-of-hand into tragi-comedy, and it ends—with another smoothly manipulative twist—in stark melodrama. The governess has fled the château at dawn, the Count dashes off in vain pursuit of her, and the seducer begs a word of the fire-eating lover of the Countess. Is it true that he is a crack revolver shot? Very well, then, "I have the honour to call you a coward to your face—and I choose pistols." M. Anouilh surely is the only living playwright clever enough to pass from high, gay, mundane comedy to transpontine heroics, and to make the astonishing transition theatrically valid.

The company assembled for this delectable revival by the Bristol Old Vic is understandingly directed by Mr. John Hale. He gets from Mr. Badel a superb performance and serviceable ones from Miss Smith, as the governess, and from Mr. Robert Hardy as the master of the house who is increasingly surprised to find that his jaded senses are recovering their youthful impressionability. Miss Phyllis Calvert plays the Countess intelligently, but she is not well cast for a part which requires the exquisitely glittering malice of an entirely unscrupulous woman. Miss Diana Churchill as the Count's mistress is nearer the mark, but she has not much to do.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The Greengage Summer. Director Lewis Gilbert. (Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux, Susannah York, Claude Nollier.)

Il Bell' Antonio. Director Mauro Bolognini. (Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Pierre Brasseur, Rina Morelli.)

Girls For The Summer. Director Gianni Franciolini. (Alberto Sordi, Michele Morgan, Marcello Mastroianni.)

Double Bunk. Director C. M. Pennington-Richards. (Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott, Sidney James, Liz Fraser, Dennis Price.)

Champagne for me, too

AUTHORS ARE FREQUENTLY TO BE heard expressing disappointment or downright displeasure over the film versions of their works: the story has been hideously distorted and the point missed, they say—or the cast is hopelessly wrong, the setting has been arbitrarily and disastrously altered, and nobody ordered wolves. One feels very sad about them—until one reminds oneself that they probably received the price of a fleet of Cadillacs for the film rights, which they didn't *have* to sell if they didn't want to.

It is a relief that one doesn't have to suffer even a momentary pang on Miss Rumer Godden's behalf: she has scarcely a single fault to find with *The Greengage Summer*, the film based on her semi-autobiographical novel. It has been splendidly cast, sympathetically produced by Mr. Victor Saville, admirably directed by Mr. Lewis Gilbert—and the setting is, as she meant it to be, the green-&-gold French champagne country. Miss Godden is happy about the whole thing. As for me, I was entirely bewitched—largely by the film's nostalgic evocation of childhood's crystal days and the clouding, disturbing dreams of adolescence.

Because their mother has been taken sick and sent to hospital, the

four Grey children arrive unaccompanied at the château near the Marne which Mlle. Danielle Darrieux runs as an hotel. They are 16-year-old Joss (Miss Susannah York), 13-year-old Hester (uncannily well played by Miss Jane Asher), Wilimouse, a neat, cool, small boy (Master Richard Williams), and Vicky, a darling baby-dumpling (little Miss Elizabeth Dear).

Mlle. Darrieux, who seems decidedly neurotic, cannot be bothered with stray children and is for turning them away, but an Englishman named Eliot (Mr.

Kenneth More giving, I think, his subtlest performance to date) insists that they shall stay. He is Mlle. Darrieux's lover and she can refuse him nothing: sulkily, she accepts the children as guests.

The three younger children, relishing an atmosphere which is so different from that of home (Bexhill-on-Sea), settle down to observe the strange behaviour of the grown-ups. Why does Madame Zizi (Mlle. Darrieux, that is) colour her hair and have eyelashes and bosoms that take off? What is her relationship with the unhappy Madame Corbet (Mlle. Claude Nollier)? Why is

Eliot, whom they adore as a sort of uncle, afraid of the police?

Joss is preoccupied with other things. She is conscious that she has blossomed into beauty; she is aware of her attraction for men. She is in love with Eliot and, realizing that he is half-way in love with her, she imagines herself to be fully a woman, but her immaturity betrays her into a childish gesture of jealous revenge when Eliot, for good reasons of his own, elects to remain Mlle. Darrieux's lover.

Without suspecting the possible fearful consequences, Joss sends a snapshot of Eliot to the police. The

golden summer ends for her in darkness and tears and self-reproach. Miss York, a radiantly lovely girl, presents a profoundly touching study of adolescence, with all its high spirits and all its heartbreak—and the younger children have an air of purest innocence that is as rare as it is beautiful. I do hope you will see this film.

Of the two Italian films up for review, *Il Bell' Antonio* ("The Handsome Antonio", in case you were in doubt) is a wry tragic-comedy about the cult of virility in Sicily. Signor Marcello Mastroianni is appealing in the title role—as a young man who has the reputation, enviable in those parts, of a Don Juan and a Casanova combined.

His parents, excellently played by M. Pierre Brasseur and Signorina Rina Morelli, enthusiastically marry him off to a ravishing girl—young Signorina Claudia Cardinale—and, as it were, stand back to await results in the form of a swarm of grandchildren. Alas, none are forthcoming. Poor Antonio is so much in love with his wife that he cannot perform his husbandly duty. Everybody concerned is shocked or furious—and in due course the Church steps in and annuls the unconsummated marriage.

Antonio is wretched. His father, bent on proving there's no impotence on his side of the family, dies in the arms of the local prostitute—leaving a widow who sorrows as much over her son's shame as over the loss of a husband. The general grief is suddenly changed to rejoicing when the servant-girl announces she is pregnant by Antonio. This does not, of course, give him back his adored wife—but at least it restores his reputation. They certainly seem to be a *physical* lot down in Sicily.

By contrast, *Girls For Summer*—an account, in five episodes, of goings-on at an Italian Riviera resort—is sunny, if slightly cynical entertainment. I liked best the story of the police inspector (Signor Mastroianni, again) and the beautiful crook, Mlle. Michele Morgan, whom he is escorting to France—though I concede that the wittiest episode concerns the gigolo (droll Signor Alberto Sordi) who finds himself forced into marriage with the fat old primadonna who has been keeping him in a luxury to which he has become accustomed. I think you will enjoy this film.

Double Bunk is an amiable, deeply British, comedy about a young married couple—Mr. Ian Carmichael, much as usual, and Miss Janette Scott, who displays a surprising and welcome tartness—and their adventures aboard their decrepit houseboat on a hazard-fraught journey from the Thames to Calais and back. Mr. Sidney James, as an old chancer, tags along—with my favourite dumb blonde, Miss Liz Fraser. Good, if mild, fun.



Janette Scott & Ian Carmichael, as Peggy & Jack (top), spending their honeymoon on a houseboat whose defects include leaks and dry rot. Above: When your floating bulldozer runs amok during a dinghy race, there's nothing you can do but laugh. Jack & Peggy with Sandra (Liz Fraser) and Sid (Sidney James). From *Double Bunk*

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Louis Armstrong & Young Louis Armstrong—1923.

King Of New Orleans Jazz, Vol. 2, by Jelly Roll Morton

Cat Meets Mice, by Lennie Felix
Piano Moods, by Eddie Thompson
Montgomeryland, by Wes Montgomery

Moods, by Johnny Smith
Django The Unforgettable, by
Django Reinhardt

Kings, cats & guitars

ROUGHLY 40 YEARS AGO THE CLAIR-voyants among jazz critics might have been sitting in a Chicago speakeasy, pointing out a slightly bumptious cornet player who was destined to influence the course of jazz. He worked for Joe "King" Oliver and his name was Louis Armstrong. It requires no great insight, in retrospect, on my part to establish the importance of his first record with Oliver, and I welcome the release of two Riverside albums, *Young Louis Armstrong* (RLP12-101), and *Louis Armstrong—1923* (RLP12-122), both of which portray his early recorded work. Despite the error and inadequate recording technique, little is missing from these two historical albums. They enable me to assess not only the power and swinging ability of the Armstrong horn, but also the pattern of jazz which was being played by the top band of the day.

As Oliver's fame and popularity wilted, another historical name came to prominence—Jelly Roll Morton. To dub him *King of New Orleans Jazz*, as RCA's latest album of reissues does (RD27184), is perhaps only an addition to the extravagant claims that Jelly Roll himself made regarding the "invention" of jazz. My own feeling is

that, alongside Ellington, he ranks as the most important jazz composer of his day. His piano work on this album of the late 20s is essentially listenable, and ranks among the classic examples of ragtime and blues piano playing.

My treatise in a recent issue about British musicians and their prowess in the face of American onslaughts, omitted the work of two authoritative pianists. One is Lennie Felix, fertile in imagination, prolific in terms of 10 fingers and 88 notes, but regrettably and inevitably associated with cats and mice when it comes to album titles (33SX1298). In this case the recording does him less than credit, but the music is right in every respect, being a sort of cross-section of the best Hines ingredients, with hunks of pure Felix thrown in to prove that he does not hang his style on other people's reputations. The same applies to Eddie Thompson's *Piano moods* (EMB3303), where a subtle loose style at the piano is allied to a well-developed sense of composition. Of course, this is essentially modern jazz, with roots in all the things that Bud Powell and his successors have played, but it is still original in form.

For months I have neglected the energetic ranks of guitarists, whose electrified antics are not always in the best interests of jazz. I was reminded by the superb performance of Herb Ellis, accompanying Ella Fitzgerald during her British tour, that good music can come from those who handle the instrument properly. A typical example is Wes Montgomery, whose not so recent release *Montgomeryland* (LAE12246) combines the rhythmic sense of a first-class jazzman with the technical manipulation of a genius. On the other hand Johnny Smith's *Moods* (LAE12198) is melodic to the point of being superficial, an accusation that I would never level at Django Reinhardt, the most unconventional and in some ways the most unjazz-like of all the great guitarists who have made their names in jazz. In *Django—the unforgettable* (CLP1389), he shows such delicacy, such uncom-

promising simplicity, that I can only nominate him as the greatest jazzman Europe has yet produced. His early death in 1953 left a gap in the ranks of swinging jazzmen that has never been, and never will be, filled.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

The Other Side Of The Sky, by Arthur Clarke. (Gollancz, 15s.)

The Shores Of Night, by Robert Muller. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 18s.)

Calabash Of Diamonds, by Margaret Lane. (Heinemann, 25s.)
The Man Who Loved Chocolates, by Denzil Batchelor. (Heinemann, 15s.)

Murder On A Saturday, by Dulcie Gray. (Barker, 13s. 6d.)

The Unspeakable Skipton, by Pamela Hansford-Johnson (2s. 6d.); *The Breaking Of Bumbo*, by Andrew Sinclair (2s. 6d.); *Memento Mori*, by Muriel Spark (2s. 6d.); *The Rack*, by A. E. Ellis (3s. 6d.); Penguin Books. *Carbonel*, by Barbara Sleight (8s.) Puffin Book.

Mr. Clarke's S.F. is such fun

I AM PROGRESSING FAST WITH MY new amazing discovery that at least some science fiction is as straightforward as *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, if not a good deal more so, and you can leave all the sums to your electronic brain ticking away behind the sofa and munching up all the messy toffee papers into the bargain. Drunk with power, I whizzed smartly through the 24 dear little bite-size stories that make up *The Other Side of the Sky*, by Arthur Clarke, and came smiling out the other side to report that they are always agreeable, often funny, neatly-twisted fantasies involving love-struck astronauts nip-

ping about space on advanced motor-bikes in search of girls, interplanetary romances, theft on an epic scale at the British Museum with the aid of some magical time-mixing bracelets, and the entrancing possibility of meeting a canary or a Prince of Wales (the future King Henry IX, none other) in outer space.

Mr. Clarke makes it all enormously entertaining and larkish and just scary enough, and above all comprehensible to SF squares like me. Professor Amis, without whose imprimatur I will no longer stir past page one, says "Science fiction of the highest quality" and I'm in no position to doubt his word.

The Shores of Night is a sharp,



Paul West, 31, whose first novel *A Quality Of Mercy* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.) appears tomorrow, is a graduate from broadcasting and T.V. work in Canada, where he went from Oxford. He also held a university post in Newfoundland, and later spent a year as Senior Fellow of the Canada Council in London. Mr. West now lives in the Isle of Man

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L A N C Ô M E

bitter-tasting, readable novel about Fleet Street, and about the nasty goings-on in a successful feature agency in particular, by Robert Muller, whose knowledgeable and highly intelligent writing about the theatre I much admire. The novel is concerned with ambition, success and failure at work and at home, and though I cannot quite believe that Fleet Street even at its most rhetorical is quite as gaudy as Mr. Muller makes it, it is reassuring to find a book in which jobs—as opposed to endless sensitive personal relationships—are given weight and first-hand authority. There are also two ferociously accurate portraits of women—a neurotic fantasy-ridden refugee, and a sharp-toothed little television interviewerette on the make, with built-in mid-Atlantic accent and an awe-inspiring command of such phrases as “I know a girl who wouldn’t say boo to a brandy.”

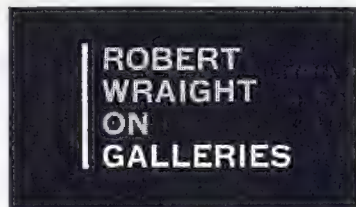
It has been suggested by the stern and upright that perhaps it was not perfectly proper behaviour for Margaret Lane to set off in search of some diamonds buried in an African chieftain’s grave, a faintly tricky point which she in no way allows to cloud her enjoyment of the adventure story. **Calabash of Diamonds** is written in beautiful, cool prose, and has lots of pictures including that now essential portrait of a lion in repose. The expedition included the author’s husband (“Well, what about you?” he said, nodding to Jack. “It wouldn’t be a nice thing for you to be caught, now would it? Think of the publicity.”), their nephew, a large Alsatian dog and a very tall policeman. They found no diamonds, but we got the book instead.

Two bouncy, confident bloods: **The Man Who Loved Chocolates**, by Denzil Batchelor, is about a nasty old millionaire polished off by poisoned peppermint creams, his revolting and dotty family, and his perfectly beastly past. (Lions figure here, too, but these come in cages.)

And **Murder on a Saturday** is Miss Dulcie Gray’s fifth thriller. Dreadful Alistair Conniston-Briggs, the rich sadist who does frightful things to poor Gladys his simple secretary and is making his children’s life a burden to them, gets hit over the head with a brass poker at his own house-party (and who was it burned Admiral Thring’s mackintosh?) The Gladys bits would make James Bond pale beneath his Aqualung, and for a cheerful and pretty actress Miss Grey has an unnervingly feverish imagination.

There are many delicious new Penguins, including my dearly loved **The Breaking of Bumbo**, by Andrew Sinclair, Pamela Hansford-Johnson’s brilliantly precise and haunting **The Unspeakable Shipton**, Muriel Spark’s deadly little classic **Memento Mori**, and A. E. Ellis’s

disturbing novel about a tuberculosis sanatorium, **The Rack**. And I cannot recommend too highly **Carbonel**, by Barbara Sleigh, a superb magical fantasy about two children, a black cat, a hat, a broom and a cauldron and a semi-retired witch—the best possible reading-aloud for measles convalescents. There’s a sequel, *The Kingdom of Carbonel*, which must be Puffined as soon as possible.



Master and Pupils Exhibition,
Chenil Galleries

I’m prejudiced— and this is why

IN FAIRNESS I MUST EXPLAIN AT THE start that I have not seen the show at the Chenil Galleries yet, and that after many years of suffering I confess to being unreasonably prejudiced against the sort of pictures that I know make up the major part of this exhibition.

It is not that I object to “amateur” painters. I agree, rather, with Degas’s words of encouragement to Gauguin, “There are no such things as amateur painters, only good and bad ones.” But I have found that exhibitions of pictures by people who paint “for a hobby” or “as a pastime” are of little more interest to me than exhibitions of fretwork.

It is in the heartfelt belief that such painting ought never to be publicly shown that I find myself at cross-purposes with Mr. John Wynne-Morgan, the “master” of this exhibition’s title. Mr. Wynne-

Morgan is that rare phenomenon, a painter who is a good businessman. What he lacks in the one capacity he makes up for (financially at any rate) in the other. He is also a shining testimony to the truth of the slogan, “It Pays To Advertise.”

Before the war he was an engineer and during the war he was a colonel in the Royal Corps of Signals. His interest in painting began when, invalided, he was billeted in the home of an artist in Algiers. The war over he tried to go back to business, but found the lure of painting too great. Since 1947 he has devoted himself wholly to it.

He is the first to admit that some good publicity breaks (one popular newspaper even likened his story to Gauguin’s!) helped him to get portrait commissions and led to his setting himself up as a teacher. Today—as a result of a clever series of Learn-to-paint-with-John-Wynne-Morgan advertisements—he has 400 pupils taking a correspondence course at 10 guineas a time, and about 100 pupils paying a guinea every week for a “live” lesson in his Hampstead studio.

These, as I discovered when I visited him last week, are pleasantly social affairs in which some 20 pupils, mainly women, crowd into the studio and take their choice of several different subjects. In one corner a group will work from a nude model while others are painting a still-life and a third group have a go at a landscape from a colour photograph projected on to a screen.

The studio walls are lined with the “master’s” works and the general atmosphere is one of just such moderate Bohemianism as will give a little thrill to a frustrated middle-class housewife or an over-worked businessman on a day off.

Mr. Wynne-Morgan, a giant in a paint-stained smock, walks from easel to easel, mixing a colour here, flicking in a highlight there. Painting, he believes, is for everyone. “Like any other skill,” he says, “it

can be learned by anyone of normal ability.” Indeed, he goes much further than that. The advertising brochure for his correspondence course says, “he guarantees to make you an artist.”

That is something even Verocchio could not boast. It is going too far, much too far. I am all for people painting for pleasure (and there can be no doubt that Mr. Wynne-Morgan has helped a lot of people to a lot of pleasure) but for heaven’s sake don’t let’s encourage everyone who dabbles to go around calling himself an “artist.” There are enough phoney artists already.

Of the 400 paintings in the exhibition 20 are the “master’s” own, the rest are by his pupils, some of the more advanced of whom have, he says, “attained a high professional standard.”

Presumably this means that they sell their work. And it is not surprising because Mr. Wynne-Morgan teaches that debased Impressionist manner of painting which, in spite of such bodies as the Arts Council and the Contemporary Art Society, produces the sort of pictures that are still the most popular in this country.

“I loathe abstract painting and I loathe the action painting,” he told me. And in one of his books, *Oil Painting as a Pastime*, he says of the first: “I frankly just don’t understand it” and of the second: “To my mind it is beneath contempt and unworthy of comment.”

Fair enough. He is not alone among artists in those sentiments. But when he writes, a few pages later, that drawing “is a bogey from the past” and that lack of knowledge of draughtsmanship could, in some cases, be an advantage, he is talking very like an action painter himself.

It is enough to make Constable, Turner, Manet, Monet, Renoir and Van Gogh—“Impressionist” painters whom he reveres—turn over in their graves.



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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

SPRING BLOOMS

... to pick now



BARRY WARNER

Make-up blooms in the spring, too. And this year's crop contains many sparkling species that I expect to see turning into perennials.

Taking stock from the left—Gala's new seedling Natural Bloom is a pale rouge that gives a faint rosy tinge to a pale skin. In liquid form it has a built-in applicator that gives a bloom far removed from a doll-like blob of colour. The effect is natural, uncontrived and good sense with a camellia pale skin tone.

A scent that blooms for the first time in England this spring is Jean Dessès Celui—zippy, lightly provocative with a strong tang of the flower border (jasmine, rose, gardenia, hawthorn, iris, violet, heliotrope and 33 other ingredients that read like a rather special garden

catalogue). The measure here, $\frac{1}{8}$ -ounce, comes smartly packed in a primrose and white box and poured into a Baccarat crystal bottle. It costs two guineas from Galeries Lafayette or Harrods.

Delicious, too, is the perennially spring-like scent Diorissimo which this year sprouts for the first time in this gilt flask for carrying round long after the blossom falls. The third scent is Weil's Zibeline, sweet and alluring as a *parfum de toilette*, which is mid-way between scent and toilet water. It carries almost two ounces, costs 29s. 6d.

A fresh colour to pluck for spring is the Charles of the Ritz Sunbronze look which is a natural follow-up for their famous Sunbronze

protective lotion for sunners. The lipstick is a rich, sun-browned orange; Sunbronze Gold and Coral make up the sun-touched trio to wear with three brilliant newcomers in shadow—Avocado, True Blue and Emerald Green. All on sale in May.

First spring bonus for lashes is Cyclax Automascara which combines a spiral system of mascara application with a tiny comb for eyebrow and lash grooming. In a jet slim gilt case, it costs 13s. 6d.

Nicest present to give yourself in the spring is a compact like this one, which looks like a cigarette case. It has a fluffy swansdown puff within, and a pale golden finish outside: £6 16s. 6d. and plucked from Italy by Harrods.

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DINING IN

Dishes for Spring

Helen Burke

WINTER SUPPLIES ARE DWINDLING, but those of spring have arrived. They include the earliest home-grown vegetables, among them asparagus; young lamb and duckling and the peas to serve with them; veal, now at its best, and green gooseberries.

What I call "single servings" of veal—escalopes and cutlets—are a little expensive. The breast is much more economical and is, perhaps, the most suitable cut for family purposes. Many veal stews are made from it and one of the best is the following. Failing breast of veal, shoulder or knuckle can be used in the same way.

BLANQUETTE DE VEAU. For 5 to 6 servings, cut 1½ to 2 lb. meat into suitable pieces. Place them in a pan, cover well with cold water and bring slowly to the boil. Add a sliced carrot, a fair-sized onion stuck with a clove and a leek containing a *bouquet garni*. This last had better be explained.

Split a leek, lengthwise, about two-thirds down towards the root end. In it, place a spray of parsley, a bay leaf and a small sprig of thyme. Tie them in with twine with one end long enough to hang over the side of the pan so that the leek and its contents can be easily removed at the end of cooking. Add seasoning to taste.

Cover the veal with a plate small enough to rest on it and leave it there throughout the cooking. The idea is to keep the veal submerged below the liquid so that it will remain a good pale colour. This applies to Dutch veal. "Normal" English veal should be blanched in the first place as the meat tends to be too pink and, when cooked, takes on a greyish tone. Put on the lid and simmer for 1½ to 1½ hours or until tender.

Melt 1½ oz. butter and simmer 1½ oz. plain flour in it to the foaming stage. Remove from the heat and strain into it 1½ pints of the veal stock. (Keep the veal warm.) Melt a good walnut of butter in another pan. Toss ½ lb. small onions in it, then cover and cook gently until they are softening. Add ½ lb. washed but unpeeled small mushrooms, 2 tablespoons of water and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cover tightly and cook together for not more than 5 minutes. Add to the sauce then add the pieces of veal and heat through.

At the last minute, beat together a large egg yolk and 2 to 3 tablespoons of double cream. Add them to the stew, heat through, but do not boil again. Serve plain-boiled small potatoes with this dish.

Note: To blanch veal which is a

little on the red side, cut it into pieces and wash them in a colander under a running cold water tap. Turn them into a pan, well cover them with cold water, bring to the boil and simmer for 5 minutes. Rinse well under running cold water, then return them to the rinsed pan and proceed as above.

Veal kidneys are a favourite dish in my home. We like them baked, braised or grilled. Here is another way, enough for 4 servings.

VEAL KIDNEYS IN WINE SAUCE. Remove all fat from 2 veal kidneys. Cut them into ½-inch dice and remove all unwanted tissue. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Melt 2 oz. of veal kidney fat and fry the kidneys in it, shaking the pan and turning the pieces to make sure that all are thoroughly cooked. Transfer them to a bowl and keep them warm.

Pour off the fat from the pan and discard any tissues. Sprinkle a pinch of sugar into the pan and gently brown it over moderate heat, taking care not to burn it. The sugar not only helps the colour of the sauce but also improves the flavour. Add 1 oz. butter, a finely chopped shallot and a finely chopped clove of garlic and cook them a little. Add 1 oz. plain flour and brown it slightly, then work in a tablespoon of tubed tomato *purée*. Away from the heat, gradually stir in 3 or 4 tablespoons of dry white wine and about ½ pint hot stock or water.

Return to the heat and bring to the boil, adding more hot stock or water to make a sauce of double-cream consistency. Reheat the kidneys in the sauce, but do not let them boil, as that would make them tough. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with plain boiled rice.

Sherry, Madeira or Marsala can be used in place of the white wine.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL is the first gooseberry dish that comes to mind. The following one will serve 4 to 5 persons:

Top and tail 1 lb. green gooseberries. Wash them, then place in a pan with ½ pint water. Bring to the boil, then simmer until the berries are soft. Add 4 oz. sugar and cook for another few minutes. (This helps to keep the gooseberries a good colour.) Rub them through a sieve. Fold ½ pint half-whipped thick cream into the *purée*. Turn the mixture into 4 to 5 individual glasses and serve plain or with a dot of whipped cream on each.

Instead of the cream you can use a custard made of an egg and ½ pint milk, beaten together, steamed in the top of a double boiler and blended with the warm *purée*.

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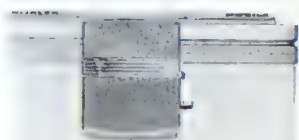
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MAN'S WORLD

Weight-shedding weaves

David Morton

WHO ARE LONDON'S TOP TAILORS? Well, one has to make some sort of arbitrary choice, and I am quite happy to let the tailors make it themselves. They do so through the medium of the Men's Fashion Council of Great Britain—a group formed by the 12 leading tailors in London whose purpose is the promotion of the finest bespoke tailoring.

Up to this year they have firmly confined themselves to press promotion, but on 9 October they are putting on a fashion show to replace the cabaret at the English-Speaking Union's Beau Brummel Ball at Grosvenor House.

Chairman of the Council is Mr. Leonard Whitley, of Benson, Perry & Whitley at 9 Cork Street, W.1. Mr. Whitley has been in Cork Street since 1927, and as he stands by the window, with one elbow on the bales and swatches of cloth, he looks an excellent advertisement for his own clothes. I asked him about trends and he told me that there is more demand for colour and pattern and less for the "safe" cloths—navys, browns and greys in plain weaves.

Mr. Whitley thinks, with logic, that this is because most men have built up a wardrobe with these clothes and now feel drawn towards more distinctive suitings. Main switch in demand has, of course, been towards lightweights. Cloths designed to be worn in the tropics are now being worn in London in the summer, and those designed for London summer wear are now made up into winter suits.

This last significant trend would lead one to suppose that heavy topcoats are still in demand, to wear over a light suit, but Mr. Whitley reports that men are inclining more towards overcoats made of light but warm fabrics, like cashmere, weight being no longer equated with warmth. We agreed that a three-piece suit is necessary if one is to be properly dressed, and single-breasted waistcoats with collars are popular; only very slim men can wear double-breasted waistcoats with any success.

Mr. Whitley has an innovation in dinner suits—a grey jacket instead of a white one. The material is sea grey silk or mohair, very pure in colour and rather pale, faced with silk and made with a narrow shawl collar. Incidentally, he was able to answer a question posed by a reader—you *can't* wear a flower with a shawl-collared dinner jacket; there's no natural

position for the buttonhole so it just doesn't look right. A pity, but there it is. Tails, a classic but sadly disappearing form of evening dress, remain almost unchanged, but are being cut rather longer at the front so that less waistcoat shows, which gives a more dignified effect.

Customers look for distinction in morning dress—perhaps to avoid that "hired" look. Grey herringbone coat and trousers with a matching waistcoat are in demand. Finally, there is Mr. Whitley's enviable blazer; he is seen wearing it (*below*) on the roof at the Carlton Towers Hotel. He designed it for himself in a special lightweight worsted tropical blazer flannel made by Hunt & Winterbotham. Main features are the outsize, buttoned-flap bellows pockets, which Mr. Whitley finds useful for books or his passport; long sidevents and dark staghorn buttons. There is no breast pocket. This blazer is an excellent example of the standards set by Mr. Whitley and his colleagues on the Men's Fashion Council: the emphasis is on fine workmanship with a note of distinction that gives a valuable lead to the rest of the trade.



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MOTORING

Refinements of Heraldry

Gordon Wilkins

WHEN THE TRIUMPH HERALD CAME out it was immediately hailed as a new and practical approach to small car design. Women loved its gay Italian styling by Michelotti and found it the easiest thing on wheels to park, what with its light steering and a turning circle of only 25 feet. The elimination of chassis greasing saved the time and trouble spent trying to get most cars serviced, and the strong separate chassis with detachable body panels saved so much money on minor repairs that Herald owners were soon offered special low insurance rates. There was also the collapsible steering column, which Mr. William Gissane, surgeon in charge of the

accident investigation group at the Birmingham Accident Hospital, recently told me is proving one of the best ideas yet for reducing collision injuries.

But on performance the Herald was quickly challenged by the MiniMinor and the four-speed Dauphine, both selling at lower prices, particularly in export markets. The finish, too, on the first cars left a lot to be desired. The moment I drove a Herald saloon I suggested to Mr. Alick Dick, Standard-Triumph's managing director, that he would soon have to give buyers the option of the twin-carburettor engine used in the coupé and convertible. This was

soon done, but they were meanwhile working on the long-term answer and have now come up with a larger engine, known as the 1200, which is standard equipment in all three models, saloon, coupé and convertible.

There is also a handsome station wagon on the way—production was deferred until the bigger engine was ready. The Triumph Herald S, the economy version of the saloon, is continued with the original 948 c.c. engine at the new low price of £684 10s. 10d. including tax, but finish has been improved since manufacture was switched to the new £2½-million assembly plant at Coventry. The new 1200 Heralds are more luxuriously finished altogether. Visible changes are the chromium strip round the windscreen and rear window and at the base of the rear quarter windows. White rubber bumpers are fitted to prevent the unsightly small dents that quickly accumulated on the bumper bars formed in the body

New Triumph-Herald convertible

panels, and the name Herald appears on the bonnet. The instrument panel now includes an insert veneered in walnut with a glove box you can lock. The instruments are in black with white lettering, the carpets are in a darker, more practical shade and there are new front seats, wider and more deeply upholstered. Door trim and rear seats are also improved.

It is always a pleasure to drive a Herald, because it has one of the best driving positions to be found in any car—that includes sports models. The seats are well shaped, the pedals are correctly placed, and there is excellent all-round vision. The new engine, of 1,147 c.c., gives 39 horsepower as installed in the car, so maximum power has only gone up by 13 per cent, though the cubic capacity has been increased by 21 per cent. But there is a big increase in torque, which means good acceleration, flexibility and better top gear performance, as compared with the previous single-carburettor engine. On a quick run before announcement date, I did not have time to check performance figures, but Standard-Triumph claim that the 1200 goes from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. in 17 seconds against 20 for the 948 c.c. single-carburettor saloon and 0-60 in 27.4 against 30.4. In top gear, the time from 30 to 50 m.p.h. is cut by over three seconds.

The rear axle ratio is higher—now 4.11 to 1—and it is claimed that the ability to accelerate with lower engine revs and less gear changing enables owners to enjoy higher performance without much increase in fuel consumption.

Prices of the Herald 1200 models, including tax, are: saloon £708 0s. 10d., coupé £736 7s. 6d., convertible £777 15s. 10d.



Herald saloon — luxury details

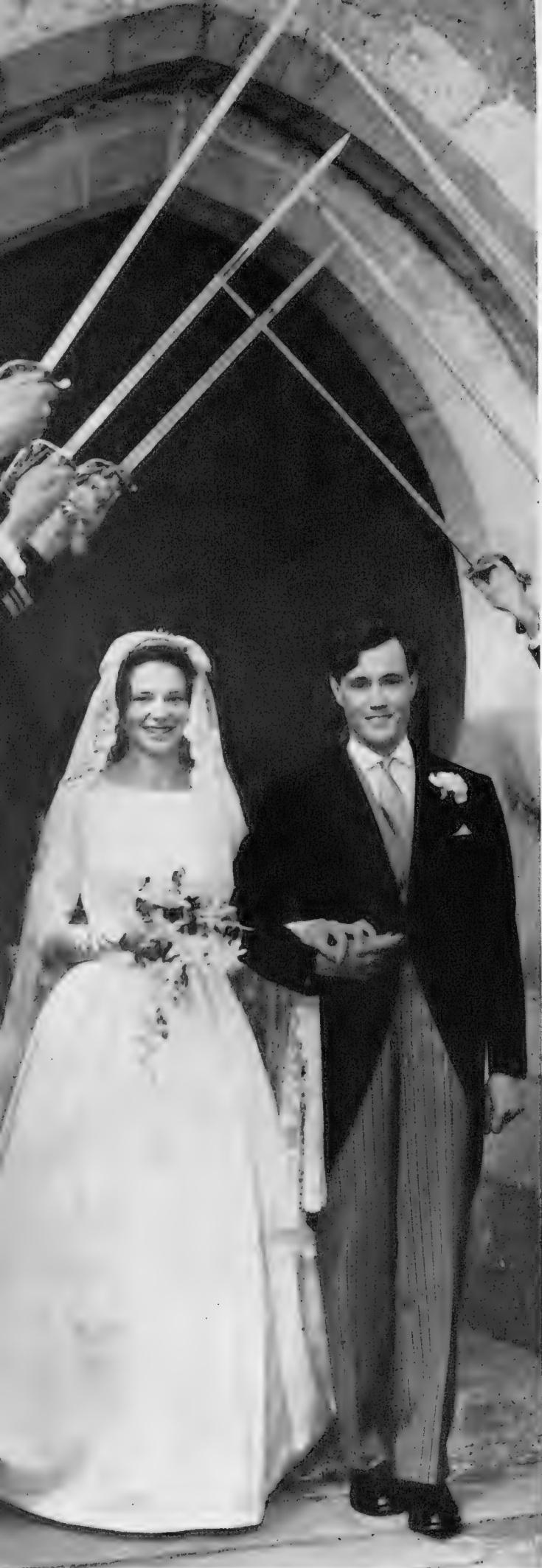
Engagements

Miss Susan Elizabeth Aikman to Mr. Timothy David Philips. *She* is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Barry T. Aikman, of Rivermead, S.W.6. *He* is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. David Philips, of Ballyfree House, Glenealy, Co. Wicklow, Ireland
YEVONDE

Miss Eleanor Jane Waterhouse Woodford to Mr. Torquil David Allingham George. *She* is the daughter of Brig. E. C. J. Woodford, and of Mrs. E. Woodford. *He* is the son of Air Vice-Marshel Sir Robert & Lady George
HARLIP



Weddings



Abbott—Husband: Mary, daughter of Brig. R. S. Abbott, C.I.E., M.C., & the late Mrs. Abbott, of The Court House, Litton Cheney, Dorset, was married to Lt. Jonathan David Willoughby Husband, R.N., son of Major W. F. Husband, and of Mrs. M. M. Baring, at St. Mary's, Litton Cheney

Hambro—Hanak: Theresa Mary, only daughter of Mr. John Henry Hambro, C.M.G., of The Hyde, near Luton, Bedfordshire, and of Mrs. Clement Hill, of Queen Hoo Hall, Tewin, Hertfordshire, was married to Harry, son of Mr. & Mrs. Otto Hanak, of Finchley Road, N.W.11, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. J. R. L. Whiteley and Miss J. B. Addison

The engagement is announced between John Robert Lee Whiteley, Scots Guards, eldest son of Colonel F. G. L. Whiteley and step-son of Mrs. F. G. L. Whiteley, of Forest Edge, Dunham Massey, Cheshire, and Jill Blyth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Addison, of Moor Farm, Frimley Green, Surrey.

Mr. B. C. W. Harris and Miss J. C. Warren

The engagement is announced between Brian, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harris, of Rocklands, Highweek, Newton Abbot, and Juliet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Warren, of 91 Knowles Hill, Newton Abbot.

Mr. J. B. Goodchild and Miss K. S. Mottershead

The engagement is announced between John Barry, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodchild, of 25 Leigham Avenue, Streatham, S.W.16, and Katherine Susan, younger daughter of Dr. W. Mottershead, J.P., and Mrs. Mottershead, of Albert Place, Little Lever, Bolton, Lancashire.

Mr. U. G. Bourke and Miss E. M. Dent

The engagement is announced between Ulick Gilbert, only son of Brig. H. S. J. Bourke, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Bourke, of Allick Court, Worcester, and Eileen Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Dent, of Fortune's Gap, Ledbury, Herefordshire.

Mr. T. H. Regis and Miss D. P. Gordon Robey

The engagement is announced between Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Regis, of Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire, and Deirdre Patricia, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Robey, of Woodberry, Beech Hill, Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire.

Mr. A. Willis and Miss J. B. A. Baugh

The engagement is announced between Anthony, twin son of the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Willis, of The Cookhouse, Old Park Lane, Farnham, Surrey, and Jacqueline Barbara Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Baugh, of Dapifers, Broxton, Dunmow, Essex.

Mr. D. C. T. Pollock and Miss L. J. Scratchley

The engagement is announced between David Charles Treherne, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Pollock, of The Hill, Westerham, Kent, and Lisbeth Jane, daughter of Major and Mrs. P. J. Scratchley, of Brooms Farm, Edenbridge, Kent.

Mr. J. P. B. Gilmour and Miss C. A. Wedd

The engagement is announced between John Pollock Barton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. B. Gilmour, of 11 Moorland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, and Caroline Anne, daughter of Mr. W. J. Wedd, J.P., and Mrs. Wedd, of Ivy House, Melbourn, Cambs.

Mr. J. D. Enderby and Miss E. M. A. Capewell

The engagement is announced between Jasper Dunbar, younger son of Major and Mrs. William Enderby, of Old Stowey, Wheddon Cross, Somerset, and Eve Marjorie Anne, elder daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Capewell, Q.C., and of Mrs. Capewell, of Thorncombe Manor, Crowcombe, Somerset.

Mr. R. V. Grobler and Miss J. N. D. Sheath

The engagement is announced between Richard Victor, son of Mr. H. S. Grobler and Mrs. E. A. Grobler, of South Africa, and Julianne Nora Delacour, daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. L. P. Sheath, of Fulwood Vicarage, Sheffield, 10.

Mr. R. F. Browning and Miss S. J. Lea

The engagement is announced between Richard Frank, son of the late Mr. F. Browning and Mrs. M. Browning, of Oaklands, St. Winifred's Close, Chigwell, Essex, and Susan Janet, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lea, of Trees, Dyke Road Avenue, Hove, Sussex, and previously of Buenos Aires.

MARRIAGE

Lt. Commander C. T. de B. Whitehouse and Miss A. Mullin

On 3 March, 1961, at the British Consulate General, Seville, Spain, Lt. Commander C. T. de B. Whitehouse, R.I.N. (ret.), late of Malaya, to Anne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mullin of Jamaica.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 196 for details.

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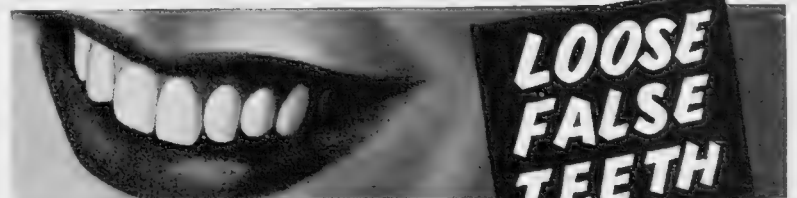


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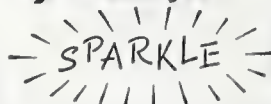
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